

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

N° 2039.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1856.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Edition, Fivepence.

NOTICE.—On Saturday, the 1st of March, the 'Literary Gazette' will be enlarged to 24 pages, with the view of presenting some new features. A New Series, strengthened in all its departments, under new editorial management, will be commenced, in which a prominent novelty will be the introduction, weekly, of a first-class full page wood-engraving, illustrative of passing contributions to literature, science, and art, including Archaeology and Old Book Gossip.

The Index for 1855 will include the numbers of the first two months of the present year, and be issued with the closing number of the Old Series on Saturday next.

No. 1 of the first volume of the New Series will appear on Saturday, the 1st of March, price 4d. Stamped Edition, 5d.

Subscribers are recommended to order the Gazette of their bookseller or newsman, in preference to receiving it folded through the post.

Office—5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

CAVENDISH SOCIETY.—The Members are hereby informed that the Ninth Anniversary Meeting of this Society will be held on SATURDAY, the 1st of MARCH, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in the Rooms of the Chemical Society, No. 5, Cavendish Square, when the Council and Officers for the ensuing year will be elected.

THEOPHILUS REDWOOD, Secretary.
19, Montague Street, Russell Square.

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—A GENERAL MEETING of the Society will be held on TUESDAY EVENING, the 26th instant, at the FRENCH GALLERY, 121, Pall Mall (opposite the Opera Colonnade). The Chair will be taken at Eight o'clock.

Papers will be read by—The Rev. Charles Boutell, M.A.; the Rev. Thomas Hugo, M.A., F.S.A.; Henry Mogford, Esq., F.S.A.; George Gilbert Scott, Esq., A.R.A.; and Sydney Smirke, Esq., A.R.A., F.S.A.

A Collection of objects of Antiquarian Interest will be formed for Exhibition on this occasion, to which Members are invited to contribute. It is requested that all articles lent for this purpose may be sent on Saturday the 23rd instant, addressed to the care of Henry Mogford, Esq., F.S.A., 121, Pall Mall.

Members will have the privilege of introducing friends. By order of the Council,
GEO. BISH WEBB, Hon. Sec.
Council Room, 6, Southampton Street, Covent Garden,
16th February, 1856.

ART-UNION OF LONDON (by Royal Charter).—Prizeholders select for themselves from the Public Exhibitions. Every subscriber of One Guinea will have, besides the chance of a Prize, an impression of a Plate of "Harvest in the Highlands"—engraved by J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., from the important and well-known picture by Sir E. Landseer, R.A., and Sir Augustus Callicott, R.A. The prints are now ready for delivery.

GEORGE GOWDIN, } Hon. Secs.
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414, West Strand.
THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN to the Public, at the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, 5, Pall Mall East. Open at 10.—Admission, 1s. Evening, from 7 to 10. Admission, 6d.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF THE FALL, AND INTERIOR OF THE CITY OF SEBASTOPOL, will be OPENED on THURSDAY NEXT, in his large Rotunda, Leicester Square, taken from the Malakoff, from sketches by Captain VERSEHOYLE, Grenadier Guards, aided by Photographic Views; showing, with the fidelity of Nature, the City, Fortifications, and Suburbs, as seen immediately after the Assault. THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA and the BERNSE ALPS are now open.—Admission 1s. to each Panorama. Open from Ten till dusk.

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PALL MALL.—WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS OF THE HIGHEST CLASS.

MESSRS. FOSTER and SON are directed to SELL by AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54, Pall Mall, on Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 1 precisely, the COLLECTION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, the property of that distinguished amateur, CHARLES BIRCH, Esq., of Edgbaston, Birmingham, including the Cold Morning and the Cricketer, by W. Hunt, from the Heaux Arts, Paris Exhibition, 1855; other works by the same eminent Artist; Calais and the Nile, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; La Fille Mal Gardée, a very highly finished drawing by D. MacIac, R.A.; Venice, and two from Shakespeare, by Catermole; the Well Side, by P. F. Poole, A.R.A.; many examples of the best period of that renowned landscape painter David Cox. These drawings include some of the gems of the Bernal Collection, and have been generally purchased as the best procurable works of the different artists. On view two days prior, and illustrated catalogues, price 1s. each, had of Messrs. Foster, 54, Pall Mall.

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F. Lee, R.A. G. Catermole.
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PALL MALL.—CATALOGUE OF THE EFFECTS OF THE LATE

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"General Fitzpatrick remembered the time when St. James's-street used to be crowded with the carriages of the ladies and gentlemen who were walking in the Mall,—the ladies with their heads in full dress, and the gentlemen carrying their hats

under their arms. The proprietors of Ranelagh and Vauxhall used to send decoy-ducks among them, that is, persons attired in the height of fashion, who every now and then would exclaim in a very audible tone, 'What charming weather for Ranelagh' or 'for Vauxhall.'"

At the sale of Dr. Johnson's books, Rogers met General Oglethorpe, "then very, very old, the flesh of his face looking like parchment, who amused us youngsters by talking of the alterations that had been made in London, and of the grand additions it had received in his recollection. He said he had shot snipes in Conduit-street!" Rogers himself saw one of the heads of the rebels upon a pole at Temple-bar, a black shapeless lump; another pole was bare, the head having dropped from it. The last two heads thus exposed were those of Townley and Fletcher, the fall of one of which is chronicled as having taken place on the 1st of April, 1772, leaving that which Rogers saw in his boyhood. He remembered seeing Haydn playing at a concert in a tie-wig, with a sword at his side, and Wilkes walking through the crowded streets of the City, as Chamberlain, on his way to Guildhall, in a scarlet coat, military boots, and a bag-wig. Garrick he saw act once, the part of *Ranger*, in *The Suspicious Husband*.

"I remember that there was a great crowd, and that we waited long in a dark passage of the theatre, on our way to the pit. I was then a little boy. My father had promised to take me to see Garrick in *Lear*; but a fit of the mumps kept me at home."

"Before his going abroad, Garrick's attraction had much decreased; Sir William Weller Pepys said that the pit was often almost empty. But, on his return to England, people were mad about seeing him; and Sir George Beaumont and several others used frequently to get admission into the pit, before the doors were opened to the public, by means of bribing the attendants, who bade them to 'be sure, as soon as the crowd rushed in, to pretend to be in a great heat, and to wipe their faces, as if they had just been struggling for entrance.'"

The story of his going to see Dr. Johnson, which Rogers often used to tell, is given; but Mr. Dyce does not add that it was to show him some of his youthful poetry.

"My friend Maltby and I, when we were very young men, had a strong desire to see Dr. Johnson; and we determined to call upon him and introduce ourselves. We accordingly proceeded to his house in Bolt-court; and I had my hand on the knocker, when our courage failed us, and we retreated. Many years afterwards, I mentioned this circumstance to Boswell, who said, 'What a pity that you did not go boldly in! he would have received you with all kindness.'"

Another pleasing recollection is the account of being present at the last lecture of Sir Joshua Reynolds, at the Royal Academy.

"I was present when Sir Joshua Reynolds delivered his last lecture at the Royal Academy. On entering the room, I found that a semicircle of chairs, immediately in front of the pulpit, was reserved for persons of distinction, being labelled, 'Mr. Burke,' 'Mr. Boswell,' &c. &c.; and I, with other young men, was forced to station myself a good way off. During the lecture a great crash was heard; and the company, fearing that the building was about to come down, rushed towards the door. Presently, however, it appeared that there was no cause for alarm, and they endeavoured to resume their places; but, in consequence of the confusion, the reserved seats were now occupied by those who could first get into them; and I, pressing forwards, secured one of them. Sir Joshua concluded the lecture by saying, with great emotion, 'And I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place might be the name of—Michael

Angelo.' As he descended from the rostrum, Burke went up to him, took his hand, and said,

'The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still sto d fix'd to hear.'

Some miscellaneous anecdotes of Sir Joshua are given, of one of which we quite share Rogers's unbelief, though vouched for by "a gentleman in the Temple":—

"He happened to be passing by Sir Joshua's house in Leicester-square, when he saw a poor girl seated on the steps and crying bitterly. He asked what was the matter; and she replied that she was crying 'because the one shilling which she had received from Sir Joshua for sitting to him as a model had proved to be a bad one, and he would not give her another.'"

As a companion to this story, may be taken Foote's joke about Garrick's parsimony:—

"Garrick," said Foote, "lately invited Hurd to dine with him in the Adelphi; and after dinner, the evening being very warm, they walked up and down in front of the house. As they passed and re-passed the dining-room windows Garrick was in a perfect agony; for he saw that there was a thief in one of the candles which were burning on the table; and yet Hurd was a person of such consequence that he could not run away from him to prevent the waste of his tallow."

We have no doubt that, in this way, have been transmitted many false anecdotes, invented as caricatures, on the known failings or vices of great men. Of more agreeable matter are these reminiscences of the illustrious painter:—

"Sir Joshua was always thinking of his art. He was one day walking with Dr. Lawrence near Beaconsfield, when they met a beautiful little peasant-boy. Sir Joshua, after looking earnestly at the child, exclaimed, 'I must go home and deepen the colouring of my *Infant Hercules*.' The boy was a good deal sun-burnt."

"Count d'Adhemar was the original purchaser of Sir Joshua's *Muscipula*. Sir Joshua, who fancied that he was bargaining for a different and less important picture, told him that the price was fifty guineas; and on discovering the mistake, allowed him to have *Muscipula* for that sum. Fox had been anxious to possess *Muscipula* when it was first painted, and he bought it at the ambassador's sale for (I believe) fifty guineas. It is now at St. Anne's Hill. It would fetch, in the present day, a thousand guineas."

"The morning of the day on which Sir Joshua's *Puck* was to be sold, Lord Farnborough and Dance the painter breakfasted with me, and we went to the sale together. When *Puck* was put up, it excited such admiration that there was a general clapping of hands: yet it was knocked down to me at a comparatively trifling price. I walked home from the sale, a man carrying *Puck* before me; and so well was the picture known, that more than one person, as they passed us in the street, called out, 'There it is!'"

Before giving a selection from the anecdotes of other eminent men, we introduce here some of the recollections most worthy of preservation about Rogers's own early literary career. His first attempt at authorship, he says, was a series of papers, headed *The Scribbler*, which appeared in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for 1781. For a youth of eighteen, the specimen reprinted in this volume is very fairly written, and, in point of style, is remarkably good. Of his early poetry, he gives these notices:—

"The first poetry I published was the 'Ode to Superstition,' in 1786. I wrote it while I was in my teens, and afterwards touched it up. I paid down to the publisher thirty pounds to insure him from being a loser by it. At the end of four years, I found that he had sold about twenty copies. However, I was consoled by reading in a critique on the Ode that I was 'an able writer,' or some such expression. The short copy of verses, entitled

'Captivity' was also composed when I was a very young man. It was a favourite with Hookham Frere, who said that it resembled a Greek epigram.

"On the publication of 'The Pleasures of Memory,' I sent a copy to Mason, who never acknowledged it. I learned, however, from Gilpin, and to my great satisfaction, that Mason, in a letter to him, had spoken well of it; he pronounced it to be very different from the poetry of the day.

"I was engaged on 'The Pleasures of Memory' for nine years; on 'Human Life' for nearly the same space of time; and 'Italy' was not completed in less than sixteen years."

Gray was a chief favourite with Rogers when young, and from him he may have partly learned the value of care in composition:—

"I was a mere lad when Mason's 'Gray' was published. I read it in my young days with delight, and have done so ever since: the Letters have for me an inexpressible charm; they are as witty as Walpole's, and have, what his want, true wisdom. I used to take a pocket edition of Gray's Poems with me every morning during my walks to town to my father's banking-house, where I was a clerk, and read them by the way. I can repeat them all."

In early life Rogers paid a visit to Scotland, of which some recollections are given:—

"The most memorable day perhaps which I ever passed was at Edinburgh—a Sunday; when, after breakfasting with Robertson, I heard him preach in the forenoon, and Blair in the afternoon, then took coffee with the Piozzis, and supped with Adam Smith. Robertson's sermon was excellent both for matter and manner of delivery. Blair's was good, but less impressive; and his broad Scotch accent offended my ears greatly.

"I never saw Burns: I was within thirty miles of Dumfries when he was living there; and yet I did not go to visit him: which I have regretted ever since. I think his 'Cottar's Saturday Night' the finest pastoral in any language."

At Edinburgh he first met the Piozzis, whom he afterwards saw much at Streatham. Piozzi, Rogers says, was a very handsome, gentlemanly, and amiable man, and a good husband; and that the world was most unjust, and her family foolish, for blaming Mrs. Thrale so much for her marriage. Her daughters never would see her after, and, "poor woman," adds Mr. Rogers, "when she was at a very great age, I have heard her say that she would go down upon her knees to them, if they would only be reconciled to her." As we come down to less remote times, the succession of welcome reminiscences is so unbroken, that we can make but an arbitrary selection, few of the anecdotes requiring introduction or comment.

"Dr. Parr.—Dr. Parr had a great deal of sensibility. When I read to him, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the account of O'Coigly's death, the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"One day, Mackintosh having vexed him by calling O'Coigly a 'rascal,' Parr immediately rejoined, 'Yes, Jamie, he was a bad man, but he might have been worse; he was an Irishman, but he might have been a Scotloman; he was a priest, but he might have been a lawyer; he was a republican, but he might have been an apostate.'

"After their quarrel (about Gerald), Parr often spoke with much bitterness of Mackintosh: among other severe things, he said that 'Mackintosh came up from Scotland with a metaphysical head, a cold heart, and open hands.' At last they were reconciled, having met, for that purpose, in my house: but their old familiarity was never fully re-established.

"Parr was frequently very tiresome in conversation, talking like a schoolmaster.

"He had a horror of the east wind; and Tom Sheridan once kept him prisoner in the house for a fortnight, by fixing the weathercock in that direction.

"Dunning.—Dunning (afterwards Lord Ashburton) was 'stating the law' to a jury at Guildhall, when Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying, 'If that be law, I'll go home and burn my books.'—'My Lord,' replied Dunning, 'you had better go home and read them.'

"Dunning was remarkably ugly. One night, while he was playing whist, at Nando's, with Horne Tooke and two others, Lord Thurlow called at the door and desired the waiter to give a note to Dunning (with whom, though their politics were so different, he was very intimate). The waiter did not know Dunning by sight. 'Take the note up stairs,' said Thurlow, 'and deliver it to the ugliest man at the card-table—to him who most resembles the knave of spades.' The note immediately reached its destination. Horne Tooke used often to tell this anecdote."

"Sheridan.—I was present on the second day of Hastings' trial in Westminster Hall, when Sheridan was listened to with such attention that you might have heard a pin drop. During one of those days Sheridan, having observed Gibbon among the audience, took occasion to mention 'the luminous author of 'The Decline and Fall.' After he had finished, one of his friends reproached him with flattering Gibbon. 'Why, what did I say of him?' asked Sheridan. 'You called him the luminous author,' &c.—'Luminous! oh, I meant—voluminous.'

"Sheridan once said to me, 'When posterity read the speeches of Burke, they will hardly be able to believe that, during his lifetime, he was not considered as a first-rate speaker, not even as a second-rate one.'

"Sheridan was a great artist: what could be more happy in expression than the last of these lines? You may see it illustrated in the Park every Sunday:—

'Hors'd in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer spark
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park;
Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,
Scour the New-road and dash through Grosvenor-gate;
Anxious—yet timorous too—his steed to show,
The hack blue-plum of Fotten-row.
Careless he seems, yet, vigilantly sly,
Wooes the stray glance of ladies passing by,
While his off-heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.'

"During his last illness, the medical attendants, apprehending that they would be obliged to perform an operation on him, asked him 'if he had ever undergone one.' 'Never,' replied Sheridan, 'except when sitting for my picture, or having my hair cut.'

"Sheridan, Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott, and Moore were one day dining with me, and Sheridan was talking in his very best style, when, to my great vexation, Moore (who has that sort of restlessness which never allows him to be happy where he is) suddenly interrupted Sheridan by exclaiming, 'Isn't it time to go to Lydia White's?'

The editor here adds an anecdote about Miss Lydia White, communicated by the Rev. W. Harness:—

"At one of Lydia White's small and most agreeable dinners in Park-street, the company (most of them, except the hostess, being Whigs) were discussing in rather a querulous strain the desperate prospects of their party. 'Yes,' said Sydney Smith, 'we are in a most deplorable condition: we must do something to help ourselves; I think we had better sacrifice a Tory virgin.' This was pointedly addressed to Lydia White, who, at once catching and applying the allusion to Iphigenia, answered, 'I believe there is nothing the Whigs would not do to raise the wind.'

"Dr. Priestley.—I was intimately acquainted with Dr. Priestley, and a more amiable man never lived; he was all gentleness, kindness, and humility. He was once dining with me, when some one asked him (rather rudely) 'how many books he had published?' He replied, 'Many more, sir, than I should like to read.' Before going to America, he paid me a visit, passing a night at my house. He left England chiefly in compliance with the wishes of his wife.

"Mitford, the Historian.—Mitford, the historian of Greece, possessed, besides his learning, a wonderful variety of accomplishments. I always felt the highest respect for him. When, not long before his death, I used to meet him in the street, bent almost double, and carrying a long staff in his hand, he reminded me of a venerable pilgrim just come from Jerusalem. His account of the Homeric age,—of the Sicilian cities,—and several other parts of his History are very pleasing.

"Lane, of the *Minerva Press*.—Lane made a large fortune by the immense quantity of trashy novels which he sent forth from his Minerva press. I perfectly well remember the splendid carriage in which he used to ride, and his footmen with their cockades and gold-headed canes.

"Now-a-days, as soon as a novel has had its run, and is beginning to be forgotten, out comes an edition of it as a 'standard novel.'

"Nelson.—Lord Nelson was a remarkably kind-hearted man. I have seen him spin a tectum with his one hand a whole evening, for the amusement of some children. I heard him once during dinner utter many bitter complaints (which Lady Hamilton vainly attempted to check) of the way he had been treated at court that forenoon: the Queen had not condescended to take the slightest notice of him. In truth, Nelson was hated at court: they were jealous of his fame.

"There was something very charming in Lady Hamilton's openness of manner. She showed me the neckcloth which Nelson had on when he died; of course, I could not help looking at it with extreme interest; and she threw her arms round my neck and kissed me. She was latterly in great want; and Lord Stowell never rested till he procured for her a small pension from government."

That Nelson was hated by the King and Queen Charlotte, because they were jealous of his fame, is a very foolish remark. There was only an awkwardness arising from the mixed feeling of desiring to honour the gallant commander, without affecting ignorance or approval of his discreditable political as well as social position.

"Wellington.—Speaking to me of Buonaparte, the Duke of Wellington remarked, that in one respect he was superior to all the generals who had ever existed. 'Was it,' I asked, 'in the management and skilful arrangement of his troops?' 'No,' answered the Duke; 'it was in his power of concentrating such vast masses of men,—a most important point in the art of war.'

"I have found," said the Duke, 'that raw troops, however inferior to the old ones in manœuvring, are far superior to them in downright hard fighting with the enemy: at Waterloo, the young ensigns and lieutenants, who had never before seen a battle, rushed to meet death as if they had been playing at cricket.'

"The Duke says that the Lord's Prayer alone is an evidence of the truth of Christianity,—so admirably is that prayer accommodated to all our wants. I took the Sacrament with the Duke at Stratfield saye; and nothing could be more striking than his unaffected devotion."

The often told narrative of the projected duel between Moore and Jeffrey is given with authentic details, but the affair was really not worth the fuss that has been made about it, and, at this distance of time, seems simply ridiculous. The only point worthy of being told by Rogers is, that it was by means of Horner and himself that the critic and poet were reconciled, and that they shook hands with each other in the garden behind his house.

"Charles James Fox.—It is quite true, as stated in several accounts of him, that Fox, when a very young man, was a prodigious dandy—wearing a little odd French hat, shoes with red heels, &c. He and Lord Carlisle once travelled from Paris to Lyons for the express purpose of buying

waistcoats; and during the whole journey they talked about nothing else.

"After losing large sums at hazard, Fox would go home—not to destroy himself, as his friends sometimes feared, but—to sit down quietly and read Greek. He once won about eight thousand pounds, and one of his bond-creditors, who soon heard of his good luck, presented himself, and asked for payment. 'Impossible, sir,' replied Fox, 'I must first discharge my debts of honour.' The bond-creditor remonstrated. 'Well, sir, give me your bond.' It was delivered to Fox, who tore it in pieces, and threw them into the fire. 'Now, sir,' said Fox, 'my debt to you is a debt of honour,' and immediately paid him.

"When I became acquainted with Fox, he had given up that kind of life entirely, and resided in the most perfect sobriety and regularity at St. Anne's Hill. There he was very happy, delighting in study, in rural occupations and rural prospects. He would break from a criticism on Porson's 'Euripides' to look for the little pigs.

"Never in my life did I hear anything equal to Fox's speeches in reply,—they were wonderful. Burke did not do himself justice as a speaker: his manner was hurried, and he always seemed to be in a passion. Pitt's voice sounded as if he had worsted in his mouth.

"Fox once said to me that 'Burke was a most impracticable person, a most unmanageable colleague,—that he never would support any measure, however convinced he might be in his heart of its utility, if it had been first proposed by another.' and he once used these very words, 'After all, Burke was a damned wrong-headed fellow, through his whole life jealous and obstinate.'

"I was present at a dinner-party given by William Smith in Westminster, when Fox would not take the slightest notice of Horne Tooke,—would not look at him, nor seem to hear any of the good things he said. It was the most painful scene of the kind I was ever witness to, except what occurred at my own house, when the Duke of Wellington treated Lord Holland much in the same way.

"I was walking through the Louvre with Fox, when he all but cut Mackintosh, passing him with a nod and a 'How d'ye do!' and he gave me to understand that he had done so because he was angry at Mackintosh for having accepted a place in India from the Tories. Fitzpatrick, however, told me the real cause of Fox's anger, and it was this:—Mrs. Mackintosh had not called upon Mrs. Fox, whom Fox had recently acknowledged as his wife. Such slight things sometimes influence the conduct of great men.

"Fox used to read Homer through once every year. On my asking him, 'Which poem had you rather have written, the 'Iliad' or the 'Odyssey?' he answered, 'I know which I had rather read' (meaning the 'Odyssey').

"He was a constant reader of Virgil, and had been so from a very early period. There is at Holland House a copy of Virgil covered with Fox's manuscript notes, written when he was a boy, and expressing the most enthusiastic admiration of that poet.

"He said that *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth* were the best of Shakespeare's works; that the first act of *Hamlet* was pre-eminent; that the ghost in that play was quite unequalled,—there was nothing like it, and that *Hamlet* was not mad. On another occasion he said that the character of *Macbeth* was very striking and original,—that at first he is an object of our pity, and that he becomes gradually worse and worse, till at last he has no virtue left except courage.

"Trotter's 'Memoirs of Fox,' though incorrect in some particulars, is a very pleasing book. Trotter died in Ireland: he was reduced to great straits; and Mrs. Fox sent him, at different times, as much as several hundred pounds, though she could ill spare the money.

"How fondly the surviving friends of Fox cherished his memory! Many years after his death, I was at a fête given by the Duke of Devonshire

at Chiswick House. Sir Robert Adair and I wandered about the apartments, up and down stairs. 'In which room did Fox expire?' asked Adair. I replied, 'In this very room.' Immediately Adair burst into tears with a vehemence of grief such as I hardly ever saw exhibited by a man.

Some stories of William Pitt are given, but they chiefly refer to personal habits, which it is ungenerous needlessly to dwell upon. Mr. Rogers does mention, however, the extenuating fact, that Addington, Lord Sidmouth's father, ordered Pitt, when very young, to take much port wine, his health being so weakly, and the habit grew upon him till he could not do without the stimulus. If Rogers told no more about Pitt, his political feeling is here displayed not very honourably.

"Byron.—Byron had prodigious facility of composition. He was fond of suppers; and used often to sup at my house and eat heartily (for he had then given up the hard biscuit and soda-water diet): after going home, he would throw off sixty or eighty verses, which he would send to press next morning.

"I went with him to see the Campo Santo at Pisa. It was shown to us by a man who had two handsome daughters. Byron told me that he had in vain paid his addresses to the elder daughter, but that he was on the most intimate terms with the other. Probably there was not one syllable of truth in all this; for he always had the weakness of wishing to be thought much worse than he really was.

"Byron, like Sir Walter Scott, was without any feeling for the fine arts. He accompanied me to the Pitti Palace at Florence: but soon growing tired of looking at the pictures, he sat down in a corner; and when I called out to him, 'What a noble Andrea del Sarto!' the only answer I received was his muttering a passage from 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'—'Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a cognoscento so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules; the one, always to observe the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino.' When he and Hobhouse were standing before the Parthenon, the latter said, 'Well, this is surely very grand.' Byron replied, 'Very like the mansion-house.'

"Crabbe, the poet.—I have heard Crabbe describe his mingled feelings of hope and fear as he stood on London Bridge, when he first came up to town to try his fortune in the literary world.

"The situation of domestic chaplain in a great family is generally a miserable one: what slights and mortifications attend it! Crabbe had had his share of such troubles in the Duke of Rutland's family; and I well remember that, at a London evening party, where the old Duchess of Rutland was present, he had a violent struggle with his feelings before he could prevail on himself to go up and pay his respects to her.

"Porson.—When Porson dined with me, I used to keep him within bounds; but I frequently met him at various houses where he got completely drunk. He would not scruple to return to the dining-room, after the company had left it, pour into a tumbler the drops remaining in the wine-glasses, and drink off the omnium gATHERUM.

"I once took him to an evening-party at William Spencer's, where he was introduced to several women of fashion, Lady Crewe, &c., who were very anxious to see the great Grecian. How do you suppose he entertained them? Chiefly by reciting an immense quantity of old forgotten Vauxhall songs. He was far from sober, and at last talked so oddly, that they all retired from him, except Lady Crewe, who boldly kept her ground. I recollect her saying to him, 'Mr. Porson, that joke you have borrowed from Joe Miller,' and his rather angry reply, 'Madam, it is not in Joe

Miller; you will not find it either in the preface or in the body of that work, no, nor in the index.' I brought him home as far as Piccadilly, where, I am sorry to add, I left him sick in the middle of the street.

"When any one told Porson that he intended to publish a book, Porson would say, 'Remember that two parties must agree on that point,—you and the reader.'

"I asked him what time it would take him to translate 'The Iliad' literally and correctly into English prose. He answered, 'At least ten years.'

The Porsonian, printed as a supplement to the Table-Talk of Rogers, were communicated by William Maltby, his successor as Librarian of the London Institution. Maltby held that office from 1809 till his death in 1854, in his ninetieth year, performing the duties by deputy during the last twenty years. Porson made a very careless and inefficient librarian. The anecdotes related by Maltby give a very humiliating impression of the great scholar, and confirm all that has been said of his intemperance and coarseness. He was not far wrong when he said that he would be satisfied if, in after times, it would be reported that "one Porson lived towards the close of the eighteenth century, who did a good deal for the text of Euripides." He said some good things: such as a reply to Southey, who told him his Madoc had brought him in a mere trifle, but it would be a valuable possession to his family. "Madoc," said Porson, "will be read—when Homer and Virgil are forgotten."

There is a very copious index to the Table-Talk, but some of the entries are a little disappointing. Thus, on turning to Horace Walpole, we merely find that Rogers might have seen him, and Cowper, and Gibbon, but he did not! Some of the stories are very old and familiar, and need scarcely have been repeated merely because Rogers told them. But we are unwilling to find fault with a work which is, on the whole, well done, and from which we have derived much entertainment.

Our Tent in the Crimea; and Wanderings in Sevastopol. By Two Brothers. Bentley.

LET no one be deterred from the perusal of this book by any sort of impression that the story of the war in the Crimea may be told once too often. The two brothers, whose wanderings are here recorded with a freshness and vigour quite enlivening, did not arrive, on their pleasure trip, at the seat of hostilities until the middle of August last, when the privations of the army were forgotten, and the hospitals were all in apple-pie order, when Wenham Lake ice was most abundant, and a supply of pots of jelly was coming in to enable the soldiers to swallow their pills and powders agreeably. But the battle of the Tchernaya was at hand, and the horrible scene which presented itself in the vicinity of the bridge of Traktir on the day following is described with touching pathos. Here we must select an extract:—

"On my way up to the Zouave camp on the hill, I passed a Russian soldier. Wounded in the leg, he was unable to walk; but he was sitting up in the road, and angrily scowling on the merry groups that passed and repassed him. He scowled at me also, for he could not guess how much I pitied him—poor fellow! vanquished, wounded, and alone, amidst the conquerors and the gay. It has been the fashion with some to represent the Russians as untamed brutes, dead to all kindly and grateful feelings. Shame upon all such general undistinguishing assertions—libels on human nature. The

Russian soldier is an ignorant peasant, and, as such, easily led by fanaticism and the example of a superior officer—a disgrace to human nature—to commit the atrocities some Russian soldiers were guilty of at Inkermann. But the Russians treat their prisoners well. They are as alive to kindness as other men.

"An English surgeon, one of the Turkish hospital camp, told me that he went on the battle-field directly after the fight was over on the 16th. His object was to assist the wounded and dying, not in the execution of military duty, but of a duty enjoined by higher authority. The wounded Russians whom he approached at first thought his purpose was plunder. Some pressed their hands on their breasts to retain the universal charm, or rarer medal; others scowled and threatened. But as soon as they perceived his kindly object, that touch of Nature which, despite of detractors, 'does make the whole world kin,' softened them. One and all, he said, expressed their gratitude as best they could. One poor fellow, who was going fast, when he had drunk the offered water, took the Englishman's hand in his own, pressed it to his heart first, then to his lips, and so died. 'I shall never forget his look of gratitude,' the gentleman told me."

The fall of Sevastopol followed, and of terrible interest is the author's account of his first view of the interior:—

"Sevastopol had much the appearance of some parts of Cheltenham, and still more, of what some parts of Bath would be, if the latter city were built of equally white stone.

"The English side, where we now were, was clearly not the fashionable quarter. It was the business side of the town. The small houses that were ranged on the right of the winding road, were evidently the huts either of artisans and mechanics, or of the poorer classes. From the circumstance of their being so directly under the hill, these houses appeared to have escaped much damage from our fire, but their interior and contents were completely demolished. Some, a little better than the rest, had small court-yards, and verandahs round the first-floor windows. None were more than two—few more than one story high. I went into several of these dwellings. They were the very acme of confusion, of dirt, disorder, and spoliation. The planks of the floors had been torn up, and, in many cases, removed; the walls were shattered, the fragments forming a heap of stone, brick, and plaster on the ground. The ceilings, and, in many cases, the roofs had been pulled down, so that the sky was visible: not an article of furniture, save the legs of tables or chairs—the verandahs demolished and hanging in shreds—the very creepers that had entwined them torn up by the roots—not a pane of glass—not a window frame—not a shutter nor a door—not even a solitary plank preserved. The very objects and purposes of the separate rooms were totally undistinguishable. At the rear of some of these houses we found excavations, caves in the live rock, now tenanted by lifeless forms, the bodies of poor fellows who had crawled there to die, and were lying in every posture of agony and death, many far advanced in decomposition. The foregoing is but an inadequate description of the majority of the smaller houses on the English side of the town. No one can imagine the effluvia that emanated from them; no mind can picture the sadness and desolation of the scene.

"Proceeding upwards, the first large building was the main hospital, and immediately beyond this were two immense piles of stone, originally barracks. All three had once been splendid buildings; the former enclosed a large open space laid out in gardens and walks, and evidently at one time rich in flowers. A fountain had adorned the middle of the court. The whole of this building had been much exposed to the fire of the Allies, and its state of utter demolition was probably chiefly owing to that circumstance. The two immense ranges of barrack buildings were still standing at right angles to each other, with an extensive and open square about them. The exterior of both had suffered dreadfully from our shot; but

the interior seemed to have escaped well enough. The one which stood in an oblong direction, as seen from the Malakoff, was divided into three stories, with a staircase of stone, now nearly destroyed. The upper stories were bare and entirely desolate. The ground floor, extending the whole length of the building, seemed to have served as a receptacle, up to the last moment, for the clothes, muskets, and accoutrements of the soldiers—probably of those who, for the time being, performed the service of the Redan. There was a long table down the middle, and large bins were ranged along the walls on each side. The table and floor were covered, and the bins were full of the commonest articles and implements of war. But even here the principle of destruction had been carried out. The clothes were in shreds; the muskets, and swords, and scabbards broken in two; the helmets smashed; the ornaments torn from them—the whole a shapeless mass of cloth, wood, leather and brass, mixed up with a great abundance of the omnipresent black and oily bread. In this room we found all those who had preceded us into the English part of the town. Some twelve or fifteen soldiers were tossing the things about one over another, and making confusion worse confounded. The dust and closeness of the room were almost unbearable. The value and nature of the plunder were evidenced by a soldier who met us at the door, and showed us what he had rescued after an hour's diligent search, consisting of three-quarters of a musket, half a helmet, a sword, a brass ornament, three buttons, a charm worth about a farthing, a leather tobacco pouch, half-a-dozen leaves of a Russian book, a leaden spoon, and a large piece of bread. There was plunder, on the taking of a town by assault!

"We were about to leave this perfect *embarras de richesses*, when the same soldier told us that in a closet at the end of the room were two Russians. We had just previously, on the side of the hill, come upon the only live Russian we had seen since entering the town. Wounded apparently by a shell in the right leg, and half-sitting, half-lying, reclined against the bank, he stretched out his arms on seeing us, and craved assistance. We went up to him; he seemed in very little pain, and had plenty of bread, but no water. We gave him some, and he drank as wounded men alone can drink. His gratitude was expressed in a thousand different ways. He took our hands, pressed them to his heart, his forehead, and his lips, and lay back again apparently quite comfortable and resigned. We did our best to explain to him that the bearers would soon come and carry him to the hospital; this he seemed to understand, and to be thankful for."

For a more general description of the city, the following may be cited:—

"We rode up the winding Woronzow Road, passing the convict hulks, which were always stationed at the end of the harbour. This quarter was called the *Perisipka* suburb; and a wooden bridge formerly connected it with the opposite side. At the head of the Woronzow Road, where it leaves the side of the harbour, and winds round to the left into the town, stood a large square house, with a large extension of offices in its rear. This was called Upton's House—Château Upton by the Russians—and belonged to the son of the English engineer. It was now a mere shell of external wall. A short distance from this point—in fact, the length of the house and offices—and you came into a wide street, extending for a considerable distance to the north—in fact, with two slight windings, as far down as Fort Nicholas. This was Catherine'skyy-street, and one of the three main arteries of Sevastopol. Its lower end, near to Fort Nicholas, was a Boulevard. Here to the left, and on the highest point of the town, was situated a battery (No. 17 in the Plan) which had been named by the Russians, 'the Battery of the Concubines.' The intention had been, in the earlier part of the siege, that if an assault were made, and the outer defences were carried, the women who had remained in the town, and were

all of a low class, should be employed in working this battery; and they were actually instructed in the practice. They appear to have taken great delight in learning; and it was generally believed among the inhabitants, that the women's battery would prove to be as effective, with their novel weapons, as any artifice of theirs generally is, when directed against our sex alone.

"Nearly opposite to the point in Catherine'skyy-street, where you emerge from Upton's House, is a court-yard, with a house at its rear. The building is low, but very long, with a glass observatory on the top. This was called by the French, 'Palais Menschikoff'; but it constituted in reality the summer residence of the Governor of the town. There were not many large rooms in it; and it seemed as if the lower floor had been chiefly used for government offices. But the gardens and kiosks, on the proper right of the house, and the gardens at the rear, divided into six rows of terraced walks, with steps leading up to each, formed an exceedingly pretty sight; and when in its magnificence, must have gratified the most exacting taste. No objects of art—few even of ordinary use, had been left in this abode;

"States fall—Arts fade—but Nature doth not die." And nature was still there in all her rank luxuriance; for all was overgrown, and yet all looked pretty.

"We ascended the Observatory at the top, whence we obtained one of the best views of the town itself, and of the different approaches of the allies. We roamed through the extensive gardens, and smoked what could scarcely be called the 'calmet of peace' in one of the bowers. The Governors of Sevastopol were thought more kindly of through the medium of that tobacco. Oh! why had war set his withering hand on that charming kiosks, and those essentially high-bred fountains and flowers?

"Leaving the governor's residence, and quitting Catherine'skyy-street, we inclined to the left, up a diagonal road, to the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul. This was a beautiful oblong Greek building, flanked by fluted pillars, the numbers being eight by sixteen, and stood prominently forward on nearly the highest point of ground in the town. Completely detached, it had formed one of the most conspicuous objects in the distant view of the town, as it certainly was one of the prettiest on nearer inspection. It had been called from without by all kinds of names—the theatre, the clubhouse, &c. But it was clear on Sunday morning, when it stood unharmed among the many fires, that it must be a church. To that fact was due its preservation by the Russians, and it was also a curious instance of how little damage had been caused, in the immediate centre of the town, by the allied fire. Two or three balls or shells had passed through the roof, and a few must have exploded in front of the building, judging from slight injuries done to the columns and the steps. The fingers, too, of one of the marble statues, which represent the two apostles on each side of the door, had been mutilated, but otherwise the building externally was intact. Part of the well-known screen was still standing in the interior, but with that exception, and a large wardrobe in the first vault, the place was empty. This was the wardrobe which had been rifled of all the holy vestments by the French soldiers, in the manner so amusingly told in the November number of 'Blackwood.'

"From the front of the church, and directly down the main ledge of the hill as it slopes to the great harbour, was another of the main streets, the name of which, translated by my Russian companion, was 'Rue de la Bibliothèque.' The houses situated on both sides of the street were good substantial buildings, and had evidently been among the best in the town. They were now reduced to absolute ruin. At the end of the street stood the ancient library. Twelve very wide marble steps, flanked by two large masses of stone, on which reposed two female sphynxes, led up to the entrance.

"Two columns on each side of the doorway formed the passage into the interior, which consisted of one very large square building, with two

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additional buildings, one at each end. What they had ever contained it was impossible to say. The whole three interiors had been on fire since Saturday night, and when I had seen them on Wednesday the fire was not out; but, as in other cases, the fire had left the exterior unharmed, and the Russians had probably not had time to deface it. This was one of the most interesting buildings in the town. On the proper right of the façade was a handsome marble fresco, representing the gods in Olympus. The corresponding space in the other wing was vacant. This fresco, as well as the sphynxes and steps, were uninjured. A garden surrounded this building. Inside the garden, and recently, perhaps, buried in the ground for preservation, but now more than half uncovered, were to be seen six handsome female statues, larger than life, which had once contributed to adorn the interior. There was also an octagon tower, like the one at Athens, of the Winds, to which there was no entrance, but small marble figures still ornamented its summit.

"From this point we descended down the slope towards Fort Nicholas, and came upon what was the main promenade, and place of resort of the inhabitants. It was composed of a large garden, full of shrubs and gravelled walks, and terraces. It had an entrance on the right, extending down to Catherineesky Boulevard, and a corresponding one on the left, extending down to the third main street of the town, called 'La Rue de la Haute Marine.' The front towards Fort Nicholas consisted of a handsome flight of steps facing the centre of the Fort, down which you descended into the large open space in front of the Fort itself. The whole greatly resembled (though, of course, on a considerably smaller scale) the gardens near the Porta del Popolo at Rome, and the descent to the Fort brought to mind the descent to the open square at the top of the Corso."

The narrative abounds in interesting general and personal detail throughout, and is written with much vivacity and feeling.

The Lump of Gold; and other Poems. By Charles Mackay, author of 'Egeria,' &c. Routledge and Co.

This is a very agreeable volume of poetry, and will be welcome to a large circle of readers. The neophytes of the new rhapsodical and mystical school will most probably look down upon it as beneath their standard, just as the palate that has been vitiated by stimulants thinks a draught of the freshest mountain spring chilling and insipid. Charles Mackay has no heaven-storming flights; he deals with every-day passions and emotions, and the familiar matter of nineteenth century life. He writes from a vein of pure and manly feeling, that has been deeply touched by human sympathies and human affections; an undercurrent of strong but unpretending piety gives a moral purpose to many of his poems, and, without being directly didactic, he often strikes home some strong practical lesson of humanity or social duty in a few pithy words, that fasten themselves upon the memory. His language is always simple, clear, and flowing, and his rhythm full of melody. Respecting his reader as well as himself, he obviously does his best to give finish to whatever he writes, and if the matter of his poems be occasionally thin and trivial, there is always some grace of style or expression to compensate for their perusal. It is a pleasure to read his pure musical English, and a still greater pleasure to mark the wholesome, chaste, and natural stream both of thought and feeling, which makes the book not only delightful, but safe as a household book,—qualities, unhappily, by no means common in the poetry of the day.

We shall not attempt to give any specimens of the principal poem in the volume, *The Lump of Gold*, because it would be unjust to divorce them from their position in the book, without at the same time giving a sketch of the tale, and to do this would injure it for after perusal. Besides, the story as a story has flaws which will scarcely stand the test of analysis, but from which the attention is diverted by the skill of the writer, and the great lyrical or pathetic beauty of the individual passages. The series of incidents may not be the most probable in the world, but each in itself is finely handled. The passion and the pathos are true. The language is rich and musical. The heart and soul are touched and instructed; and if these be not all the ends of poetry, they are at all events the greater part of them.

Instead of partial extracts from this poem, we quote one entire, which strikes us as full of fine fancy, and very gracefully versified:—

"THE PAGANT IN THE BEECH-TREE AVENUE.

I.
"In the fair November,
Glowing like an ember,
All its leaves fire-colour'd,
By the summer's breath;—
Lovely 'mid its sorrow,
As a young May-morrow
In its lusty triumph
Over wintry Death,
Were it not for thinking
Of the dark To-be;
I beheld a pagant,
Beautiful to see,
A pagant and a vision,
In the public way,
Underneath the shadows,
In the noon of day.

II.
"Many things I pondered,
As alone I wandered,
Up to Castle Mowbray;
Through the beech-tree walks;
Under leafy net-work
Domed, like Gothic fret-work
In cathedral archways,
On their pillar'd stalks,
To my silent fancy,
Earth had borrow'd gloom
From the western turret,
And its darkened room;
Where the Lord of Mowbray,
Dying, if not dead,
'Mid his weeping children,
Lay upon his bed.

III.
"Through the woodland hoary,
With autumnal glory,
Pass'd a slow procession
To the castle-gate;
Earls and barons olden,
Silver knights and golden,
Clad in clanking armour,
Haughty and sedate:
First with lifted vizor,
Fiery-eyed, but pale,
Rode the line's great founder,
Stiff with burnished mail.
Him there followed nobles,
Courtiers, cavaliers,
Warriors, hunters, judges,
Orators and peers.

IV.
"In their spectral glances
I could read romances,—
Terrible life-secrets,
Ransacked from the tomb.
Some rode bold and lusty,
Grasping falchions trusty;
Others, old and feeble,
Shivered in the gloom;
Some like simple burghers,
Passed in rusted brown;
Some wore silk and velvet,
Some the wig and gown;
Some were robed in purple,
As for feast and dance,
And others, as for battle,
Poised the heavy lance.

V.
"Well I knew their faces;
On them, in their places,
In the hall of portraits,
In their oaken frames,
I had gazed untiring,
Curious and inquiring,
Groping out their story,
And their ancient names.

One had sailed with Richard
To the Holy Land;
One waylaid in travel,
Fell by robber's hand;
One had died a traitor
On the fatal block,
And many for their country,
In the battle-shock.

VI.
"One had slain his brother,
Darling of his mother,
And, in late repentance,
Donn'd the priestly stole;
One, with dice and horses,
And all evil courses,
Damag'd fame and fortune,
And per chance his soul;
One, of heart aspiring,
Woo'd and won a queen;
One the miller's daughter,
On the village green.
Some looked round in marriage,
Others looked above;—
While twenty wed for money,
And two or three for love.

VII.
"One in hour of danger,
From his home a stranger,
Fled the State commotions,
That might overwhelm;
One had served the nation,
In its desolation—
Hurling in the senate,
Words that rouse a realm.
One had sold his honour
For a monarch's smile;
One, on seat of judgment,
Braving fraud and guile,
And all force opposing,
Dared unrighteous power
To touch the people's freedom,
Their heritage and dower.

VIII.
"Through the Norman portal,
Rode the grey, immortal,
Shadowy, spectral fathers,
Sadly one by one;
Them there followed, slowly,
With meek eyes, and lowly,
Sorrow-pale, a mother,
Weeping for her son;
In her morn of beauty
Seventy years before,
She had died in childbirth,
And the babe she bore,
Old, on death-bed lying,
Pray'd, and faintly smil'd,
Yielding up his spirit
Calmly as a child.

IX.
"Flashes evanescent,
Pale, and phosphorescent,
Lit the western turret
Suddenly as thought;
Voices seemed replying,
To the sere leaves sighing,
As the wind among them
Crept along distraught—
As beneath the archway,
Pass'd that mother fair,
With her glancing shoulders,
And her auburn hair,
And her pallid features,
Which the grave had kiss'd,
And her trailing garments,
Thin as morning mist.

X.
"Entering in sadness!
Issuing in gladness!
Through the gate, unopened,
Shivering on its hinge,
Out she came resplendent,
With a soul attendant,
Wearing clouds for vesture,
And the stars for fringe,
Young and lovely mother!
Son of ancient years!
Tenderly she led him,
Smiling through her tears;
Striving to support him
With a loving hand,
And pointing, with raised finger,
To the spirit-land.

XI.
"Following in order,
Down the beechen border,
Rode the ancestral phalanx;
Till the passing bell,
With the dead conolding,
Through the village tolling,
From the castle turret,
Boomed its solemn knell.
And a wind up-curling,
Faintly from the ground,
Stirred the beech-tree branches
With a whispering sound;
And, like darkness melting,
At the face of day,
All the ghostly pagant
Waned and died away."

Not the least admirable of the minor poems is the following, which in a very noble strain conveys a well-merited rebuke to the gossip-mongers, to whom an eminent man's death is the signal for raking up half-understood facts, or inventing derogatory fictions, to blur the pure image, which his nobler nature, as expressed in his works done for the world, has stamped upon men's minds:—

"A HARD'S REQUEST."

I.
"When I lie cold in death,
Bury me where ye will,
Though if my living breath
May urge my wishes still,
When I shall breathe no more;
Let my last dwelling be
Beneath a turf with wild flowers covered o'er,
Under a shady tree,—
A grave where winds may blow and sunshine fall,
And autumn leaves may drop in yearly funeral."

II.
"I care not for a tomb,
With sculptured cherubim,
Amid the solemn gloom
Of old cathedrals dim;
I care not for the pride
Of epitaphs well-meant,
Nor wish my name with any pomps allied,
When my last breath is spent;
Give me a grave beneath the fair green trees,
And an abiding-place in good men's memories."

III.
"But wheresoe'er I sleep,
I charge you, friends of mine,
With abjuration deep
And by your hopes divine,
Let no irreverent pen
For sake of paltry pay,
Expose my faults or follies unto men,
To desecrate my clay;
Let none but good men's tongues my story tell;—
Nor even they,—I'd sleep unrevoked by any knell."

IV.
"Why should the gaping crowd
Claim any right to know
How sped in shine or cloud
My pilgrimage below?
Why should the vulgar gaze
Be fixed upon my heart,
When I am dead, because in living days
I did my little part
To sing a music to the march of man—
A lark high carolling to armies in the van?"

V.
"But still if crowds will claim
A moral, to be told,
From my unwilling name,
When slumbering in the mould,
I'll tell the tale myself—
A story ever new—
Yet old as Adam—oh, ye men of pelf,
Ye would not tell it true!
But I will tell it in my noon of life,
And wave the flag aloft ere I depart the strife."

VI.
"I wasted precious youth,
But learned before my prime,
The majesty of Truth,
The priceless worth of Time.
I hoped, and was deceived—
I built without a base—
I err'd—I suffer'd—doubted—and believed—
I ran a breathless race,
And when half-way toward the wished-for goal,
Despised the bauble crown, for which I'd given my soul."

VII.
"I thought that I was wise,
When folly was my rule,
But with late-open'd eyes
Confess'd myself a fool.
I strove in vain to flee
The penalty of sin;
I plucked the apple, Pleasure, from the tree,
And found it dust within.
I sow'd ill seed in spring-time of my years—
And reaped the natural crop of agony and tears."

VIII.
"I never did a wrong
That brought not punishment,
In sufferings keen and long
By chastening mercy sent.
I never did the right
Without a sweet reward
Of inward music and celestial light,
In beautiful accord.
Never scorn'd but with result of scorn,
Nor loved without new life when I was most forlorn."

IX.
"I think I loved my kind,
And strove to serve it too,
And in my secret mind
Adored the good and true."

I know I never dipped
My pen in slime or gall,
Or wrote a sentence which the purest lip'd
Would scruple to recall;
I think my lyre gave forth a manly tone—
I know I never preached opinions not my own."

X.
"I found, as man or boy,
Delight in wild woods green,
And reap'd perpetual joy
From every natural scene.
I nursed amid the crowd
My human sympathies;
To heart and brain they made appeal aloud,
With voice of mysteries.
And in the forest paths, or cities throng'd,
Nature was in my soul, and to my soul belonged."

XI.
"In all my life I felt
God's presence evermore,
And reverently knelt
To love and to adore.
Such let the record be—
I charge ye, friends of mine,
Add but a date to this life-history—
The obituary line,—
Say that I lived and died, and did my best—
But spare my secret heart, and let my follies rest!"

There is but one poem in the volume which we could wish away, and which is not couched in that manly tone for which Mr. Mackay most justly claims credit as the characteristic of his lyre,—we mean the lines *On a Portrait of Queen Victoria*. We doubt not the perfect sincerity of Mr. Mackay in writing this poem, but in the first place the subject is a twaddling one, and in the next place the treatment is missyish. To English eyes and English understandings it is somewhat too ridiculous to have their attention called to "the soft full eyes and placid cheek," and "the fairy form" of the lady who enjoys the proud pre-eminence of England's Queen. We cannot help under such provocation contrasting the ideal with the fact, and to force the comparison is not judicious. The ascription in other parts of the poem of influences as purely personal to the individual, which everybody knows belong solely to the position, is false in judgment, and wears an air of flattery, very uncongenial we are sure to Mr. Mackay's nature. The climax to the poem sufficiently shows how unwise was the selection of such a theme,—

"Victoria of the peaceful smiles!
Queen and Enchantress of the Isles!"
We forgive such things in a fashionable song;
we wonder at them in Charles Mackay.

Scottish Heroes in the Days of Wallace and Bruce. By the Rev. Alexander Low, M.A., Minister of the Parish of Keig, Aberdeenshire. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

THIS book bears every proof of laborious and learned research. Barbour, Fordun, Froissart, Malmesbury, the Chronicle of Lanercost, Rymer's 'Fœdera,' the publications of the Maitland Club, the Rotuli Scotie, and other ancient authors and public documents, have supplied the materials of the history. But Mr. Low is singularly deficient in the art of composition, and has contrived to obscure by a cloud of learned dust the romantic stories which he has undertaken to narrate. His book will be most valuable for reference, but it will require great endurance even in the most national of his Scottish countrymen to read it through. Tytler and Scott, and other historians and romancers, have already made us so familiar with the days of Wallace and Bruce, that we follow with some impatience the dull though more trustworthy chronicles of Mr. Low. In proof of what we have said of the ponderousness and obscurity of the style, here is a passage in the early part of the history of William Wallace:—

"Having slain the son of the governor of Dundee Castle, Selby, and excited the jealousy of the English garrison at Ayr, by striking an English buffoon to the ground with his pole, who allowed the Scots to avenge any injury they might have received by this dangerous experiment, for the small gratuity of fourpence, they instantly raised their deadly instruments of war and surrounded him; but trusting to his good sword, which had been concealed under his cloak, after he had shivered the pole over the steel basinet of a powerful trooper, and plying it with his wonted vigour, he cut his way through his adversaries, who were thronging around him from the garrison, five having already fallen under his powerful arm, and made his escape to his horse, which he had left in a small copse of wood in the neighbourhood of the town. He was now outlawed by the English, as his father, Sir Malcolm, had been, who was slain at the head of a few retainers in the district of Kyle, in Ayrshire, by the party of English under Fenwick, an officer; and the dexterity, spirit, and talents of the bold outlaw, who preferred the solitude of the forest to the degrading protection of the English, soon drew around him many who, like himself, scorned to submit to a foreign and imperious master. He was now placed without the pale of the laws, and with his slender band of followers, who had stole imperceptibly into the town of Ayr, to witness a prize fighter, who at length challenged Wallace, but soon paid the forfeiture of his life for his arrogance; he was attacked by the English soldiers, who poured around him from the garrison; but fearlessly winding his horn, and collecting his handful of followers in a body, amounting, it is said, to no more than fifteen in number, he advanced into the centre of the enemy, appeared himself in the front of the skirmish, and diminishing their number with every stroke of their broadswords, by almost incredible exertions, they reached the outskirts of the town, although a reinforcement of troops had been sent from the castle, mounted their horses, and soon disappeared in the neighbouring forest of Laglans, leaving twice their own number dead on the streets, together with three Northumbrian knights."

All this long extract consists of only three sentences, the perplexity of which it is not easy to unravel. Another instance we give in a passage from the history of Robert the Bruce, consisting of two sentences, the analyzing and translation of which into readable English would form a useful exercise for young students of grammar and composition:—

"Edward of England, perplexed at the failure of his northern expedition, in the absence of Robert the Bruce, who, to add to his other embarrassments, had been fomenting secret quarrels with the nobility, encouraging the Lancastrian faction, and distracting the English by carrying war into their seat in Ireland, applied to the Roman pontiff, several of whose cardinals and nephews he pensioned, for some bulls, excommunications, interdicts, and other spiritual armour, by which he might intimidate that daring nobleman who had wrested from him a kingdom, and was now threatening to deprive him of Ireland. John the Twenty-second, the Roman pontiff, who willingly listened to any appeal made to his authority, more especially from the King of England, who lived in the distant parts of the north, sent two cardinals to Britain, armed with all spiritual authority, with a bull issued from Avignon, in the spring of 1317, commanding a truce or cessation of arms for two years, and privately empowering them, in consequence of disobedience, to inflict the highest spiritual censures on Robert the Bruce, whose title he did not acknowledge, and his brother Edward, the titular King of Ireland."

We are very much pleased, however, with the fulness and accuracy of the work, and the references to the authorities are always given. Sometimes also the narrative flows with greater ease, and presents in a striking

manner the events of these times. In the account of the siege of Berwick, there is a description of the rude artillery, and other implements of attack and defence, which contrast strangely with the scientific engines of modern warfare. This was in the year 1319:—

"Having failed in this first attack, and sustained some loss, the English projected another general assault of the city, which they commenced by filling up the ditches, and applying the scaling ladders; but although the besiegers made the greatest efforts to take it by storm, advancing simultaneously to the charge, at the sound of the horn and trumpet, such was the bravery and gallantry with which they were received,—every commander standing firm to the post assigned him,—and the governor going the rounds in person, and supplying every vacancy with the reserve, that they could make no impression upon the besiegers or the citadel, but suffered much from the espringgald, a small balista; which being stationed on the walls, discharged showers of heavy darts, winged with copper. The siege had now continued incessantly for some time; the greatest bravery was displayed by the Scots, who, while the enemy invested the whole town round about, applied their ladders to the wall, which was so low that, at a spear's length, they might attack the besieged; the Scots tumbled them down, and fearlessly defended their walls. They had laid in great store of pitch and tar, and flax and brimstone, and dried trees, with which they formed faggots, clasped with iron bands, which were discharged from the cran, or in case of necessity lowered from the wall upon the sow, and its moveable scaffolds, covered with hides, and moving castles which were filled with men.

"As soon as the enemy had failed in taking the town by escalade, the great sow was brought up to the wall by order of the king, for the purpose of commencing the mining operations. While the garrison was already wearied with the repeated and steady assaults of the English, the women and boys assisting them by collecting the arrows of the enemy; Crab, the engineer, who appears to have been a prisoner, taken during the war, whose scientific knowledge does honour to the age; charged the catapult, moving upon wheels, with a great stone, by drawing the cloket, which overreached the mark; immediately, again, they bent the gyn on high, and launching a second one, it fell short of the distance; and when the sow had nearly approached the foot of the wall, beyond danger, straining the machine to its utmost pitch, and directing it nearly in a perpendicular line, an immense mass of stones winged its flight with a booming noise, which fell with such velocity on the top of the machine, as to break and shatter it to pieces; and the soldiers and miners issuing from their place of concealment, the Scots humorously shouted, 'That the English sow had farrowed her pigs.'

"The sow being laid hold of at the same time, by means of the grappling hooks, was soon reduced to ashes; while the squadron in the river, approaching the wall, a considerable number of the crew in one of the ships were killed by another stone from the cran, which was charged with such effect, as to fall on the 'aspyne' of the vessel, and so discouraged the sailors, that the assailants lost heart, wavered in their attack, and the fleet retired. The enemy still continued to storm the town with great vigour, but were repulsed by the bravery of the besieged, and the sagacity of their leader; and having destroyed the drawbridge at St. Mary's gate, were about to burn down the gate, when the lord steward, who, with a reserve of one hundred men, had been running from post to post, filling up vacancies, and cheering his troops to stand firm, had disposed of all but one man; but hearing of the emergency, he called a body of men from the castle, and placing himself at their head, he issued forth upon them with much spirit, and driving them back with great slaughter, extinguished the flames, and secured the gate, upon which, under cover of the night, they retired."

The narrative of the battle of Bannockburn is given with considerable spirit, and affords

a clear idea of the events of that memorable day. But Mr. Low's credulity must surely be overtaxed when he adopts the statement that the English cavalry numbered 40,000. Scotland could not have furnished fodder for such a host. The eulogy of the Scottish king at the close of the work gives no exaggerated view of his virtues as a man, his skill as a general, and his ability as a ruler:—

"Robert, King of Scotland, is one of the most exalted warriors to be found in ancient times; yet the virtues of his character were formed, and acquired their bright polish in the school of adversity. The courage for which he was so distinguished, and the generosity of his character, where inherent in his nature, and displayed themselves in very early life: but his magnanimity, his wisdom, his steady heroism, were the fruits of after-years. But when he was deserted by his friends, after his first feeble attempts to wield the sword of independence, and saw that he must either perish unhonoured, or steadily pursue the path of glory and freedom, he resolved to achieve the redemption of his countrymen from a foreign power, or perish in the attempt. From this period, the dauntless courage which he showed, the patient endurance of suffering, cheering his faithful followers in their weary wanderings with tales of old, the energy of character which he displayed, the magnanimity, candour, and integrity of his name, drew around him the valiant and the good, and enabled him to accomplish the emancipation of his country.

"His true greatness appeared in that humanity, moderation, and pity, for the sufferings and hardships of others, which, in the hour of victory, were not unheeded; and although cruelly treated by the English king, he showed great humanity to his prisoners.

"True courage is seldom allied with cruelty; and that humanity, in which he bore a striking resemblance to Wallace, and wisdom in the arts of government and war, gave him a key to the hearts and confidence of his countrymen, and especially of some kindred spirits of the age, who shared with him his renown in arms. The only blot on his humanity was his treachery and cruelty when he stabbed Comyn in the Convent of the Minorite Friars. He showed in the spirit of legislation, no less wisdom than in the military art, in the protection which he held out to person and property, the strict administration of justice, and in his strict and rigorous punishment of criminals.

"The circumstance of Robert rising from a private condition, and purchasing with his sword the crown of his ancestors, along with the freedom of his people, and preserving to the last his attachment to all, bespeaks extraordinary energy, and great worth of character. Robert Bruce regarded the kingdom, in liberating and defending of which from the ambition of England he had spent so many years of peril and excessive fatigue, with the affectionate solicitude of a father; it was the object of his dying thoughts, and calling before him his nobles, he instructed them briefly before his death, it is said, in those principles of national defence, by which he had triumphed so signally over the giant power of England,—and to a departure from which are to be traced all the national misfortunes and defeats arising from aggression, which the Scots afterwards sustained. His knowledge in the military art was of the highest order, and he bequeathed to his countrymen, as the last legacy which he could give them, the wisdom and experience of his eventful life.

"He and his kindred companions in arms, inspired the common people with sentiments of liberty and independence, which they had not before experienced, for they were in a state of slavery; and the wars in the time of Wallace and Bruce, and their enlightened policy, served more to emancipate their class from slavery than any event, with the exception of the Christian religion, which had hitherto taken place in the history of Scotland. By forming the burghers in towns, and the cultivators of the soil in the country, into that impene-

famed chivalry of Europe could not stand, he inspired all with a spirit of confidence and freedom which has never died.

"We have already remarked the singular and moral effects produced by the collision of infantry and cavalry at the battle of Falkirk and Bannockburn; and from experience, and the history of Wallace, he recommended them always to fight on foot, with a select body of light horse to disperse the destructive bands of English archery; to trust neither to walls nor fortified castles, but strip the country of all its produce, cattle, and moveables; carrying them to the remote mountains, glens, and morasses, thus enlisting famine as well as the sword on their side, and compelling the enemy to retreat for want. He recommended that they should harass them in every possible way, adopt the mountaineer and partisan system of warfare, by surrounding them with misery, desolation, and want; and while they were suffering from the hardships of their situation, keep a perpetual alarm by night attacks, charge home upon them on the first appearance of flight, aiding, but not preceding the ravages of famine.

"His manners were kindly and engaging; his disposition singularly gentle, courteous, and without selfishness, yet he was of a high spirit; his person tall and well proportioned, being five feet ten inches high; his shoulders broad; his chest capacious; his limbs powerful, with an open and cheerful countenance, shaded by short, curled hair, which hung around his manly neck. His forehead was low; his cheek-bones strong and prominent, with a wound on his lower jaw; and although possessed of an open and happy countenance, he could put on a look of stern kingly dignity, when it suited his purpose to do so, and was accounted for his skill in arms and chivalry, the third best knight in Europe. Yet, if we consider the conquests which he made, it is doubtful whether he is not entitled to the first rank in chivalry."

The name of Wallace has been even more cherished in Scotland, and has been abundantly celebrated in the popular literature of the country. Much of his history rested only on vague tradition, but the researches of recent times have brought to light some remarkable contemporary notices which amply confirm the main points of the legendary stories and ballads. The 'Wallace Papers,' published by the Maitland Club at Edinburgh, and other documents recently discovered, have been used by Mr. Low in preparing his history of the hero of Scottish independence. Among the documents printed in the appendix, there is a letter addressed by William Wallace and Andrew Murray to the citizens of Hamburg and Lubeck, discovered among the archives of the latter town. It is dated 11th October, 1297, and illustrates the relations at that time existing between Scotland and the free towns of the Hanseatic League. Other interesting documents are quoted or referred to in the appendix.

NOTICES.

The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art. By John Timbs, F.S.A. Bogue.

The volume of this useful work for 1855 exhibits, with its usual fulness and accuracy, the most important discoveries and improvements in mechanics and the useful arts, natural philosophy, electricity, chemistry, zoology and botany, geology and geography, meteorology and astronomy. The events of the Paris Exhibition occupy a conspicuous position in the records of the year. Connected with the war preparations there are also some special inventions and improvements to note. In the ordinary departments and occupations of science and art, the various facts reported in the leading journals, and in the official transactions of societies, are carefully collected, and conveniently arranged under the subjects mentioned above in order, a general

index rendering reference easy. In regard to most of the facts throughout the work, the sources of information are carefully given, and the number of those attests the industry and intelligence of the compiler of this valuable annual. The frontispiece this year is a picture of Sir Roderick Murchison, Director of the School of Mines, from Mauguire's admirable portrait.

The King of Root Valley, and his Curious Daughter. A Fairy Tale. By R. Reinick. With eight illustrations by T. Von Oer and R. Reinick. Chapman and Hall.

ONE of the best of Reinick's pleasant fairy tales is here introduced to English readers in a spirited and elegant translation. The Rootmen of old Teutonic legends are a race of Lilliputians, who, in this tale, have their local habitation in a romantic valley surrounded by deep forests, in a wild part of the country between Leipsic and Nuremberg. A number of strange adventures, that befel the king of Root Valley and his curious daughter, are narrated in an amusing manner. The most wonderful episode in the book is the sudden appearance of a host of puppets from a Nuremberg wagon, overturned on its journey to Leipsic fair, which rolled down a steep bank into the Root valley. King Nutcracker, and Harlequin, and the other inhabitants of the caravan, started into life on reaching the magic valley, and the story tells the results of their coming among the Rootmen. The chief charm of the book is in the pretty descriptions of wild woodland scenery, and in the allusions to popular traditions of the country. The poetry and humour of Reinick's tale are well sustained by the translator, and the bright coloured illustrations add to the attractions of the book for young people.

Reformers before the Reformation, principally in Germany and the Netherlands. Depicted by Dr. C. Ullman. The Translation by the Rev. Robert Menzies. 2 vols. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

IN the previous volume Dr. Ullman has given a sketch of the earlier movements of spiritual life in the Romish Church, during what are commonly called the dark ages. The history is here given of the German mystics, at a time near to the great Reformation, especially of the Brethren of the Common Lot, whose highest exponent was the celebrated Thomas à Kempis. The life of this almost mythical personage is narrated from authentic records, and a very interesting and instructive record is. Dr. Ullman has no doubt that he wrote 'The Imitation of Christ,' about the authorship of which there has been much controversy. The greater part of the volume is occupied with the life and writings of John Wessel, to whose influence Luther acknowledged that he was greatly indebted. The religious characteristics of the period immediately preceding the Reformation are more fully presented in this work than in any other ecclesiastical history that has appeared in this country. Dr. Ullman has ably elucidated a portion of church history that has been too much thrown into the shade by the brighter era of the Lutheran Reformation. The translation of his work forms two volumes of Clark's Foreign Theological Library, a valuable series of publications published at Edinburgh.

Mesmerism, in its relation to Health and Disease, and the Present State of Medicine. By William Neilson, Esq. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Edinburgh: Shepherd and Eliott.

MR. NEILSON is a devoted disciple and zealous advocate of mesmerism, both in its theory and practice. He commences his work by an exposition of the uncertainty of medical science, with the usual tirades against the prejudice, obstinacy, and bigotry of the profession, always opposed to innovation. As with Harvey and Jenner, so now they deal with Mesmer and Eliottson. The opinions of men of science and practical observers on the mesmeric phenomena, are then presented, with notices of the history and applications of this new curative power. Objections are also answered, and the more unusual phenomena of clairvoyance and second-sight

considered. That Mr. Neilson goes the whole length of credulity, in regard to these matters, one or two statements will suffice to show. "People," he says, "who are very sensitive see an appearance of flame, or blue haze, issuing from the hand of the operator. Indeed, judging from his own experience, the author would say that most people are capable of seeing it, more or less. He has scarcely found any one to whom it could not be made visible. The same appearance of flame or haze can be seen surrounding the head when the brain is stimulated. For instance, it is very distinct when the person is engaged in fervid devotion; and hence, doubtless, the custom of drawing a halo round the head of saints—typifying their devotion by the natural phenomena that accompany it." And again, "In certain cases, where the patient is so sound asleep that he can neither hear nor feel, a single up-pass, made at the far end of a long room, will completely arouse him. Is this imagination?" A wonderful story is also told of Miss Martineau mesmerising a cow, given over by the cattle doctors. "It became stupidly drowsy, nodded its head, and recovered." A number of cases in the human subject are recorded by Mr. Neilson, whose book presents the full-blown creed of mesmerists. From sincere enthusiasts there is always much to be learned, and the judicious reader will be able to decide how much of the subject belongs to natural science, and how much is to be ascribed to credulity and imposture.

The Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, revised from Critical Sources. By Samuel Davidson, D.D. Bagster and Sons.

DR. DAVIDSON, one of the best philologists of the day, whose 'Treatise on Biblical Criticism' we formerly noticed ('L. G.' 1852, p. 886), has in this volume presented the result of his diligent and judicious examination of the various readings of the Old Testament, with the view of arriving at a standard text. Van Der Hooght's Amsterdam edition of 1705 is taken as the text, the departures from which are all regarded as various readings. The editions examined, the critical authorities consulted, and the plan adopted by the author in his revision, are fully described in the Introduction, but we cannot here do more than mention Dr. Davidson's work as a most important contribution to biblical literature.

SUMMARY.

IN *The Practical Stenographer*, or Short-hand Writer for Schools and Self-instruction, by E. Soper (Darton and Co.), a new and ingenious system is presented, which the author, after long experience, recommends as remarkable for its brevity, simplicity, and easy application. Of this we cannot judge without practice, but the system seems likely to be a useful one, if learned early in life, when the memory is quick and retentive. The number of monograms, prefixes, terminations, and other symbols, renders the method objectionable for older students, or for those accustomed to other systems. After all, the best methods of stenography abound in arbitrary and private symbols, invented by each writer, and altered or improved by experience, and for such improvements Mr. Soper's tables may afford some useful hints.

On the subject of *Florence Nightingale*, the heroine of the East, a poem appears by John Davis (Hall, Virtue, and Co.), an enthusiastic admirer of her character and eulogist of her services. There are also poems on the marriage of the gallant Sir T. Trowbridge, the equally heroic General Windham, and on the late Czar Nicholas.

In the 'Railway Library' (Routledge and Co.) appears *Zanoni*, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P. In the 'Parlour Library' (Hodgson), *The Inheritance*, by Miss Ferrier, a new edition, re-arranged for this series of publications. In Routledge's cheap series of tales (Routledge and Co.), *Evelyn Forester*, a woman's story, by Marguerite A. Power. In Routledge's shilling series (Routledge and Co.), the story of *Rose Clark*, by Fanny Fern.

A book for the season, *Daily Studies for*

Lent (J. H. and J. Parker), by the Rev. Edward Monro, incumbent of Harrow Weald, consists of passages from different authors, including Thomas à Kempis, Jeremy Taylor, Pascal, extracts also from the early fathers, and from modern divines, illustrative of Christian doctrine and practice. A new edition is published (Kerby and Son) of *Daily Devotions*, or prayers framed on the successive chapters of the New Testament, arranged for every morning and evening throughout the year, by the Rev. Daniel Moore, M.A., perpetual curate of Camden district, Camberwell.

Reprinted from the 'Edinburgh Review,' of October, 1855, is a paper by the Rev. William Harness, M.A. (Longman and Co.), on *The State of the English Bible*. The article, as it appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' was entitled 'Paragraph Bibles.' With learning and moderation, Mr. Harness pleads for a careful and immediate revision of the authorised version of the Sacred Scriptures. The passages selected for illustration and comment are well chosen: and about the advantage of their being revised there will be little difference of opinion. But in this, as in other admitted fields of improvement, the practical difficulty lies in preventing needless innovations, when once the hand of change meddles with matters invested with the prescription of old authority and common usage.

The *Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in the Rotunda, Dublin*, similar to those that are annually delivered in Exeter Hall, London, are being published (Oldham, Dublin; Seeleys, London). The first is on Bacon's Essays, by Archbishop Whately; a missionary work, by the Rev. W. Pakenham Walsh; and on the Jews, by the Rev. Charles Fleury. One very interesting subject is announced in the course, the Influence of the Bible on British Law, by John Otway, Esq., Q.C.

An *Inquiry into the Vine Fungus*, with suggestions for a remedy, by James Dow, twenty-three years a resident in Portugal (Saunders and Odey), is a pamphlet containing clear and practical statements on a subject of great commercial importance. Mr. Dow's own efforts to get rid of the destructive influence of the fungus (*Oidium Tuckeri*) which causes the disease, have been most successful, and he recommends his plan with confidence to other vine-growers.

Another volume, the third, of the reprint of the *Noctes Ambrosianae* (Blackwood and Sons) contains a welcome store of the shrewd wisdom and genial wit of Christopher North, which will have the freshness of novelty to the generations of readers who have grown up since the papers originally appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

Two collections of devotional poetry are published under the titles of *A Hymn Book for the Services of the Church*, or for private reading (J. H. and J. Parker), and *Psalmody for Christian Seasons*, selected from the *Cleveland Psalter* (J. H. and J. Parker).

Of the cheap serials of the day one of the best is *The Leisure Hour*, published by the Religious Tract Society. The original and selected matter is of the most varied kind, comprising tales, anecdotes, practical hints on social and domestic economy, sketches of natural history, biographical memoirs, and scientific and literary miscellanies. The woodcuts are unusually good. It is published weekly, in penny numbers; which, when bound, form an attractive and useful work. That for 1855 is the fourth yearly volume. Another serial published by the same Society, *The Sabbath at Home*, is more directly religious in its subjects, as the name denotes.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adventures of Don Quixote, post 8vo, cloth, 6s.
Alexander's (J. W.) Good, Better, and Best, 12mo, cl., 2s. 6d.
Alison's Continuation, 8vo, cloth, Vol. 5, 15s.
Blundell's (W.) Painless Tooth Extraction, 8vo, 2nd ed., 2s. 6d.
Burns' (J. D.) Heavenly Jerusalem, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Conder's (J.) Hymns of Prayer and Praise, cl., 3s. 6d., gilt.
Diary of a Traveller in Three Quarters of the Globe, 21 1/2.
Dodd's (G.) Food of London, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Eight Lectures in Prophecy, 12mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Harrison's Digest, 1843 to 1855, 2 Vols., royal 8vo, cl., £13s. 6d.
Law's (Arch.) Christ is All, 12mo, cl., new ed., Genesis, 3s.
Exodus, 3s.

Life's Chances, 3 vols., post 8vo, cl., £11s. 6d.
Macculloch's (G.) Profession and Practice, 18mo, cl., 1s. 6d.
Macleod's (H. D.) Banking, royal 8vo, cloth, Vol. 2, 16s.
Mann's Lessons, third series, fcap., sewed, 1s.
Schreier's (M.) Illustrated Medical Indoor Gymnastics, 5s.
Scott's (C. H.) Dances and Swedes, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Strachey's Hebrew Politics, 8vo, cloth, reduced, 8s. 6d.
Tudor's (O. D.) Leading Cases, royal 8vo, cloth, 16s.
Vera's Inquiry into Speculative & Experimental Science, 3s. 6d.
Victory Won, fourth edition, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Wardlaw's (Dr. R.) Life, by Dr. Alexander, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
Yearley (J.) On the Throat, sixth edition, 8vo, cloth, 5s.

THE RELIOT OF CLARKSON.

(From the Bury Post.)

OUR obituary to-day contains a name which ought not to be unaccompanied by a notice, somewhat more extensive than can be granted to most of these mortuary records. On Thursday, the 31st ult., died at Playford Hall, near Ipswich, aged 83, Mrs. Catherine Clarkson, the relict of Thomas Clarkson, who stood in the front of that noble band of labourers which, after many years of seemingly hopeless toil, effected the abolition of the African Slave-trade. The venerable lady was a native of our town—the eldest (Mr. Robert Buck, of Nowton, being the youngest, and now the sole survivor) of the six children of Mr. William Buck, many years a resident of considerable influence, from Yorkshire—the younger brother of the Recorder of Leeds, whose daughter married Sir Francis Wood, a Whig Baronet, and whose grandson is Sir Charles Wood, a cabinet minister under several Whig administrations.

Mrs. Clarkson was for many years confined to the couch of an invalid, but yet the fit companion, the solace, and the support of her husband in his long labours and trials by her peculiar qualities. She was distinguished by her social virtues, her animation, and her colloquial eloquence. It was by these qualities that, when Mr. Clarkson was compelled to suspend his labours, and take up his residence in Westmoreland, that she, as well as her husband, obtained the warm and permanent friendship of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, the allied poets, and Charles Lamb, their congenial friend, as appears in numerous passages of their several works. She was by no means the passive comfort of her husband during his long labours. Mr. Clarkson, destined to the church by his education, had taken deacon's orders, when he renounced the functions of a clergyman, in order to discharge the special duty he had imposed upon himself. He had at the same time embraced opinions in favour of civil and religious liberty, which afforded a pretext to the supporters of slavery to accuse him of Jacobinism (the Radicalism of the generation). He found allies in the family and dissenting connexions of his wife. Mrs. Clarkson's mother was of a dissenting family, a Corsbie, widely connected—and her sister, the parent of a numerous well-known family, was a Hardcastle. Among the most active members of the abolition body was Mr. William Smith, M.P. for Norwich, whose family were through life the dearest friends of Mrs. Clarkson. When her health permitted, she was the companion of her husband on his several missionary journeys. She attended him to Paris, when he in vain strove to obtain from the assembled sovereigns of Europe, a declaration that the slave trade was piracy, and enjoyed with him his triumph at the close of his career, when he received from the hands of the Lord Mayor the record of his admission to the freedom of the City of London, in recognition of his abolition services, and an indirect expression of the national sense of the wrong he had sustained at the hands of the sons of Mr. Wilberforce. Mrs. Clarkson has been declining for many years, but her faculties remained sound till within a short time of her departure, which was without suffering, but not without hope. She attained an age beyond that given to mankind in general, and has left as large a number of friends, who honoured and loved her, as those can expect who survive their proper generation, the companions of their youth.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE art season of 1856 opens, as usual, with the Exhibition of this time-honoured institution, which has hitherto played its part not unworthily as a forerunner of the all-important display of the Royal Academy. This year, however, it must be hoped that the prognostic furnished of the forthcoming season is a false one, and that the value of our future art assemblages will not be proportionate to the mediocrity of this. It cannot be concealed that there is a great falling off, not in the number of works exhibited, which is rather increased than otherwise, but in originality of design and in force of execution. Either the repetition of old effects is more than usually tedious, or the attempts at novelty are failures. We scarcely ever remember such large spaces of wall over which the eye wanders unattracted and uninterested, until at last a bright spot appears amid the else universal waste. It may be, however, that as the monotony of the desert enhances the beauty of the oasis, so the general dead level of the exhibition brings out into more conspicuous relief its few but undeniable beauties. We are delighted to find works by familiar hands which have lost none of their old charm, and a rare instance or two of advance among the younger contributors.

To proceed to particulars, few we think will deny the palm of decided superiority to Frank Stone's charming group, entitled *A la Ducasse, Pas de Calais* (11), which deservedly occupies its place of distinction. This is a triumph of sweetness and beauty in every particular, and to attempt to point out the various excellences which have conspired to produce so charming a result would be like dismembering a form of perfect excellence for the purposes of anatomy. It is sufficient to say that the subject represents the half-length figures of two French peasant girls, walking arm-in-arm, whose blooming complexions are set off against a pearly sky. In the background is a corn-field, and a village fluttering with all the gaieties of some festival, and in the distance the sea. The sense of health, warmth, air, light, and gaiety, conveyed upon this limited surface of canvas is as marvellous as it is refreshing to the eye.

In the same department of figure subjects, the remaining works of striking excellence are very few. Mr. Le Jeune, however, in a single small figure, of a child reading a large volume, outspread on her knees, entitled *Little Gretchen* (246), brings back to the spectator, with striking force, reminiscences of the handling of the Flemish schools, and the light and shade of Correggio; and fully bears out those promises of genius which we have not failed to point out from time to time in these pages.

Mr. Buckner, with his Italian figures, peasant boys, and rollicking children, exhibits all those peculiarities of colour and handling for which he is well known; he seems to break away with delight from the trammels of portrait, to revel in the unkempt charms of some Italian urchin, or dash in visions of shapeless colour which haunt his fancy, utterly heedless of the usual prepossessions in favour of keeping and finish. But there is no one who can arouse feeling, without himself possessing it, and it cannot be denied that in the *Vendemia* (73), the artist has caught something of the elevated and grand style of the classical schools, and this, too, from the same sources. *Arcangelo* (317), and *Carminello* (334), on the other hand, though handsome and romantic enough, are yet, in point of sentiment, mere transcripts of peasant nature.

By Ludovici we notice a small subject, *The Infant Bacchus* (526), which, though too far out of sight to be examined closely, resembles at a distance the manner of N. Poussin, and appears rich in colour.

The conspicuous and elaborate composition of Sir George Hayter, *The Martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer* (60), which has been for some time known to the art world, here appears in public for the first time. Eulogium would be out of place as applied to a subject so carefully and judiciously composed as this, which is one of the very few specimens to be

met with of historical painting, where the requirements of that perilous line of art are fulfilled. In the centre of the picture are the two reformers embracing each other, and close behind them the executioners are arranging the chains and faggots. On the extreme right is the front of Balliol College, on the left the North Gate of Oxford and the prison "Bocards;" and the eye is relieved by a distance of landscape in front, over all which, however, a dark cloud ominously wreaths itself, drawing a black shade over the tower of the Roman church close by, prophetic of its downfall. The spectators have been divided, almost of necessity, into three groups; on the right, in front of the college, from the windows of which several students and priests are gazing, sit the civil and ecclesiastical commissioners, Lord Williams reading the warrant under which he acts, the mere instrument of the fierce and bloody passions which speak out in the faces of the churchmen around. Then coming out of the gate of Oxford is a crowd of soldiers and populace rushing to the show; and on the left, the best constructed group of all, the friends and relatives of the two bishops. There the sister of Ridley sinks senseless to the ground, supported by one of his friends; the merciful gaoler and his fair wife turn shuddering from the spectacle; and the mother snatches her infant from the ground, where it is playing with a spark of the fatal flame. All these details, combined with skill, and subdued with great judgment, have proved abundantly effective, though unaccompanied by any extravagance of action, any violent exhibition of obsolete manners or costumes, or even by any remarkable brilliancy of execution; whilst the sombre nature of the scene has, of course, kept the tone and colouring low.

On the opposite side, Mr. Louis Haghe's *Choir of the Church of S. Maria Novella* (148) is as remarkable, on the other hand, for combining skillful and brilliant light, shade, remarkable crispness of execution, and richness of colour, to its other merits of admirable architectural and figure drawing. The subject does but present us with the ordinary ceremonial proceedings of a number of monks, but it is difficult to say how it could be done better. The delineations of character, and the variety and ease of the figures, show an observation of, and a power of delineating character, which are not always to be detected in the works of this distinguished artist.

Among the less important figure subjects, Mr. Underhill has contributed several works, the mannerism of which is very marked, and in which the same subjects repeatedly serve him for models. We notice a coldness of colour in some of these subjects, as in the grass of *Orchard Intruders* (9), which is unusual; and why should (49), by W. Underhill, be called *Poachers*, when *Gamekeepers' Boys* would be obviously much nearer the mark?

Mr. Inskip has three figures in his invariable style. We almost query why the head (55) should be called *Frances Jennings*, with a slip of Macaulay's history below, any more than any one else, in a dress scarcely more of Charles the Second's time than any other, with a basket of oranges in her hand. This is hardly fair; it is not portrait or genre either.

The Raft (260), by T. M. Joy and J. Webb, is an ambitious attempt, and evinces more success in the figures and features of the sufferers than in the colouring of the sea, which is, to say the least, peculiar. The mother and child, the miser and his chest, the negro and the dog, have all been designed with much imagination and feeling. Two other figure subjects by Mr. Joy (65 and 305) also attract attention, though the female face in the latter, with its worn and jaded look, is strangely out of character.

No one varies so much as Mr. T. P. Hale; the *Scene in Swift's Study* (416) is well composed, though the red colours are rather raw, and we may think the magnificent display of the furniture and books improbable. *Little Red Riding Hood* (412) also attracts us by its brilliant colour and truthful though literal expression; but *The Proposal* (303) is distorted worse than any photograph, and in expression is positively idiotic.

Amongst the more aspiring artists Mr. Wingfield is conspicuous, with a head, *Sunny Hours* (3), of much promise, and an interior of a studio (36), which he has we think tried before. Mr. Lucas's subjects, which are but thinly disguised portraits, and we may add of somewhat thinly clad ladies, though not deficient in expression, are extremely negligent as to the painting of the dresses, and though, as we have said, they deal boldly with delicate subjects, are yet but insipid productions. Mr. Selous' *Nymphs Bathing* (391) is treated with perhaps as much grace and spirit as the subject and its dimensions allow. And on the screen we may notice generally some very attractive though small productions. W. Essex's *Enamel of the Infant Saviour* (394) is a clever copy; and the Head (395) almost equally good, and probably from Raphael or Leonardo. Here also is a clever sketch, entitled *Paper* (399); interiors by Hardy; *Musing* (403), a very pretty subject, by E. Hughes; and *Paolo and Francesca* (406), by W. Gale, after the type, which promises to be orthodox and universal, of M. Ary Scheffer. Mr. J. G. Naish's *Christabel* (309), with its sumptuous dress, and natural imitation of oak-bark, ivy, weeds, and flowers, is evidently suggested by the style of Millais; but though the features seem struggling into expression, we yet "start, for life is wanting there;" how, also, was all this foliage visible at the hour of Christabel's visit, and where is the sign of her having been praying, when she was startled by the moon?

The Toilet for a Masquerade (475), by Phöbus Levir, exhibits some peculiarities of treatment, particularly in the attention which has been bestowed upon a dress of brocade satin, of the style of Louis XIV., a material upon which artists love to display their skill, and in the present instance not without success. Mr. Drew's cheerful subjects contribute much to the gaiety of the exhibition. Many instances might be referred to, however, among the figure subjects, which are painful cases of imbecility and failure; but we refrain from alluding further to examples which must strike the eye of every observer.

A Fairy Ring (458), by G. Cruikshank, comes under no such censure, but is, on the other hand, a most startling piece of composition. The king and queen of faerie hold their court throned upon the well-known seat of their royalty, a mushroom, round which their subjects make sport of the most awe-inspiring kind, for their own and their monarchs' diversion. The vein of this supernaturalism is not in accordance with Shakespeare's subtle and playful, yet simple, and, on the whole, beneficent creations, but rather with the mischievous and somewhat terrible scene of mirth witnessed by Tam O'Shanter. It is, in fact, an original rendering of the author's own, of the eccentric habits of the "good people," and we commend it as such to the reader's attention. The number of figures is immense, and their pursuits may be traced with an accuracy of which the observer is not at first sight aware.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

COUNT STRZLECKI announced, at the meeting of the Geographical Society, on Monday evening, that in the event of the Government refusing to continue its support to the North Australian Expedition, an eminent city merchant, Mr. Uzielli, had offered to place at his disposal the sum of 10,000*l.* for the purpose.

Mr. Jabez Allies, well known as a worthy and diligent explorer of our national antiquities, and author of a volume especially devoted to those of Wootton Bassett, died at his residence, Tirol House, Cheltenham, on the 29th January last, after an illness of nine months. His loss will be felt not only by his friends, but by the extensive antiquarian circle by whom he was well known. Mr. Allies was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries on the 8th March, 1841, and his name frequently appears in their 'Proceedings,' as an exhibitor of objects of antiquarian interest.

The appeal made some time ago in behalf of

Samuel Johnson's goddaughter has been sufficiently responded to, a letter signed by Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Forster, announcing that a small annuity has been purchased for Miss Lowe and her sister:—"The sum raised is still but a little over 250*l.*; but, on the other hand, the price of such a life annuity as was proposed proves cheaper than we anticipated; and, in addition to this, there has been a lucky chance come to help us somewhat. Mauritius Lowe, Miss Lowe's father, is now discovered to have been the benevolent painter by whom Turner, at that time a barber's boy, was first recognised, befriended, and saved to art, in return for which fine action an ardent and renowned admirer of Turner (whose name we need not indicate further) desires to gratify himself by bestowing henceforth 5*l.* annually on the Misses Lowe, and permits us to publish such his resolution, if that can make it more binding. So that, on the whole, there is now as good as an additional annuity of 30*l.* which was our minimum limit, secured for these aged ladies; and thus, by one means and another, our small problem can be considered as done. One fact must not be omitted. There has been no soliciting, nor shadow of such, anywhere used in this matter. The sum gathered has altogether fallen voluntarily. Very sincerely we beg to thank our fellow-contributors, and dismiss the little transient assemblage with a kindly farewell."

On the 29th ultimo, the choice of a new bishop for the diocese of Paderborn was determined by the votes of seven or eight out of the thirteen dignitaries of which the chapter consists, in favour of Dr. Conrad Martin of the University of Bonn, a native of the district, of humble parents, and who had raised himself to this eminence, and the favour of the King of Prussia (whose commissioner superintended the election), by great private merit. He counts the fifty-eighth in the succession of his see, as large a series as can possibly be historically vouched for any English bishopric. The town is very ancient, and one of the early strongholds of Wittichind, the famous Saxon duke and leader against Charlemagne for fully thirty years. It was only after the complete prostration of the Saxons that the Frankish emperor could enter its walls, in 777, and drove thirty thousand of the enemy into the neighbouring Weser, with the, to them, almost equally hateful alternative of baptism or drowning, a feat of so-called conversion, that he deemed equal to a victory; and whilst this wholesale proselytism was in progress, he was gratified by the arrival of two Spanish-Arabian emirs, Ibn-al-Arab and his son Jusuf, who sought him out thus far to bring their complaints against Caliph Abdorrahman before his throne from Cordova. This it was which induced Charles's expedition into Spain, and the famous battle of Roncesvalles. It may have been from the remembrance of this gratifying testimony to his power, that when the Saxon nation was finally beaten down into submission, and he had determined to found (803) five bishoprics to preserve their subservience, Paderborn was one of them. It had been a venerated seat of Pagan worship, with a holy well, called Padde-born (Frog-born), immediately over which, when the cathedral was erected in 1040, its high altar was placed, and the wondrous spring (for it is in summer cold and in winter warm) still flows beneath it. The building itself is a very elaborate specimen of Gothic architecture, and the western portal very richly adorned with the full-length statues of Romish saints, of which a good view is contained in the first volume of 'Müller's *Deuk maller der Deutschen Baukunst*.' There is also the silver gilt-shrine, containing the body of the canonised bishop Liborius, and as Charlemagne has had an equal honour conferred on him by the Romish Church, the day selected for the election was the 29th of January, on which Charlemagne's feast is celebrated, both in his honour as founder and as confessor, if not saint.

The Society of Arts, whose labours will not be forgotten in connexion with the Patent Law Amendment Act, 1852, has recently had its attention again called to this subject by Sir Joseph

Paxton, M.P. It would appear from a communication which Sir Joseph addressed to the Council, that the present annual surplus arising from Patent Office fees, after paying all expenses, amounts to 60,000*l.*; and that, supposing the same system to be pursued, this surplus will amount in 1859 to 100,000*l.* per annum. This surplus is now absorbed in the general revenue of the country. He conceives, however, that the legislature never could have intended to impose such a tax upon patentees for the general purposes of the state. He throws out various suggestions for the improvement and development of the Patent Office, which would increase the expenditure, and thereby reduce the profits; and he hints that probably it might be expedient to lower the scale of fees. The Council of the Society of Arts acquiescing in the objects alluded to, appointed an influential committee of some sixty patentees and others. The first meeting of this committee took place on Friday last. The chair was occupied by Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P.; supported by, among others, Lord Stanley, M.P.; Messrs. Appold, F.R.S., Blashfield, Chadwick, C.B., R. L. Chance, H. Cole, C.B., Dr. J. H. Gilbert, P. Graham, A. C. Hobbs, Owen Jones, C. May, F.R.S., J. J. Mechi, and J. Webster, F.R.S. Certain resolutions were unanimously passed, expressive of concurrence in the desirability of saving the surplus from Patent Office fees from being absorbed in the general public revenue, and of placing the said office upon a footing correspondent with the permanent industrial position of the country, and that the fees should be appropriated to that object.

The Council of the Society of Arts having had placed at its disposal the sum of ten guineas, by Mr. Robert Stephenson, M.P., F.R.S., to promote the system of examinations of the members of the classes at Mechanics' Institutes, have determined to offer it as a "Stephenson Prize," to be awarded to that person who shall pass the most successful examination in mathematics and mechanics. Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke has placed in the hands of the council a similar sum for a like purpose, to be awarded to that candidate who shall pass the best examination in English History.

Colonel Sir Henry Rawlinson delivered a lecture on the Cuneiform Inscriptions of Babylonia and Assyria, on Monday, at the Clapham Athenæum. A graphic sketch of some of the more prominent incidents connected with the recent researches in the regions of the Euphrates and the Tigris, was followed by a lucid description of the method by which the cuneiform writing had been deciphered, and the ancient languages of the great nations of the East laid open for our study and investigation. The accuracy of the accepted system for determining as well the phonetic power as the signification of the cuneiform groups, was strongly insisted on by the lecturer: and he spoke of the sure certainty with which we might anticipate a familiar acquaintance with the vast and varied stores of the royal library of Assyria, now transferred to the safe keeping of our own national Museum. The complete identity also between these Assyrian records and the sacred narrative of the Scriptures was pointed out, and the value of this corroborative evidence acknowledged. So perfectly are even the minutest details which occur in the inspired pages sustained by these wonderful voices from the remote depths of antiquity, that certain Jewish students of the cuneiform writings have taken alarm at such overwhelming corroboration for the *Christian Bible*; and they have expressed doubts as to the correctness of the rendering of the cuneiform symbols. Sir Henry Rawlinson peremptorily disposed of such disingenuous cavils, and, repeating his conviction that the cuneiform writing was correctly read, he gave several examples of unquestionable truthfulness in the reading of these long silent but now most eloquent legends.

One of the most curious things in France at the present moment, is the multiplicity of newspapers and periodicals which are devoted to commercial enterprise. There are five or six papers published in Paris every week, which treat of nothing but

commercial matters; about twice as many specially occupied with stock exchange operations and speculations; three or four which deal exclusively with the corn markets; the same number which confine themselves to railways; two or three which take mines under their special protection; and others which discuss all that concerns insurance companies, shipping companies, gas companies, building companies, omnibus companies, and companies of all kinds and degrees. As all these journals have readers and subscribers, and as some of them even are of great importance, and are conducted with great talent, we see clearly that the present bent of the French people is most decidedly towards trade and speculation, and especially the latter; and this bent explains, on the one hand, their profound indifference to the war against Russia, and their desire to have peace on any terms, and, on the other, the drooping condition of their literature for some years past.

Two new medals, says the 'Brussels Herald,' have been struck by M. Hart; one is of a small size, bearing the effigy of the Sultan Abdul Medjid, and executed to commemorate the issuing of the Imperial decree on the 9th September last, relative to the introduction of railways into the Ottoman dominions, and the other, which is larger, representing the young King of Portugal. These productions are highly spoken of as works of art, and are another addition to the historical records supplied by our indefatigable artist. The Ghent Literary and Fine Arts Society has offered a prize of a gold medal of the value of 500 fr. for the best essay on 'The History of Sculpture in Belgium, from the Introduction of Christianity to the end of the 18th Century.' The works are to be forwarded to the secretary by Oct. 1st, 1857.

The Directors of the Crystal Palace have appointed Mr. James Fergusson, F.R.A.S., to the office of general manager. Mr. Fergusson's name stands high, from his works on Architecture and the Fine Arts, more especially for his superbly illustrated 'Handbook of Architecture,' lately published by Mr. Murray. His appointment as general manager is a gratifying evidence that the directors will not sacrifice the instructive objects of the institution to more popular amusements.

On Thursday, died in the seventy-third year of his age, Mr. John Williams, long known among bibliopoles as a useful and important pillar of King George III.'s library, in which he spent sixty years of his life, and passed with it into the precincts of the British Museum.

The Scotch papers report the death of Mr. David Gray, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen, a man of good scientific attainments, and a zealous promoter of popular education. Mr. Allen Menzies, one of the Law Professors in the University of Edinburgh, is also in the obituary of the week.

Burns' poem of 'Tam O'Shanter,' beautifully printed, and with illustrations by Mr. John Faed, has been published by the Council of the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland.

The London and Middlesex Archaeological Society are following up the successful start which they lately made at Crosby Hall with tolerable vigour. A West-end meeting is announced to be held on the 26th instant, at the Gallery of the French Picture Exhibition, 121, Pall Mall, when papers will be read, and a collection formed of objects of antiquarian interest.

The Town Council of Liverpool have this week given powers to the Free Library and Museum Committee to raise 20,000*l.*, the interest to be paid out of the Museum-rate, for the purchase of land opposite St. George's-hall, for the erection of the proposed new buildings, towards the construction of which Mr. W. Brown has promised 6,000*l.*

There are already three American editions of the new volumes of 'Macaulay's History of England' in circulation in the United States and Canada—the New York, Boston, and Harper's—the latter of which is scarcely distinguishable in typography and appearance from the London edition.

In 1854 the statistics of the Russian periodical

press gave a list for the whole empire of 861 different productions in the Russian, and 451 in foreign languages, besides 2940 essays of considerable extent and importance. The presses occupied in printing works in the Russian language, many of them for church ritual, were 85, of which 45 were in St. Petersburg, and 16 in Moscow; the remainder distributed through the provinces.

The singular fact of the editor of a periodical having conducted one for fifty years, was celebrated by a festival at Vienna, Herr Adolf Bäuerle, who founded der Theater Zeitung (Theatrical News) there in 1806. It was attended by all the artists and literati of that capital, and Saphir, the famous comic lecturer, added to the hilarity of the evening by a very humorous address. Though now beyond eighty years of age, Bäuerle is working at two novels at one and the same time.

The University of Breslau exhibits a remarkable example of toleration and progress, having in connexion with it a College for 'Jewish theology.' This was founded and endowed by a Berlin Israelite banker of the name of Fräukel, and now, in the second year of its existence, numbers thirty students within its walls, of whom twenty-one are Prussians three, Austrians, and six from the rest of Germany.

A remarkable feat in the art of bronze casting has added another laurel to the famous foundry at Munich. Two statues have been cast at a single flow of metal. One, colossal, of the King of Bavaria, to be erected at Lendau, on the Lake of Constance; the other, not quite so large, for a public building in the capital. Both were perfectly successful, though the molten mass had a weight of one hundred and fifty leutner. When the cast was complete *vivats* were brought to the King and Professor Halbig, the designer, by the crowd around, with great enthusiasm.

Shakespeare continues in great favour in Germany; good translations of his best pieces appear as frequently, if not oftener, than those of Goethe and Schiller. Wilhelm Kaubach has found leisure, whilst proceeding with his grand frescoes on the great staircase of the New Museum at Berlin, to contemplate, and partly execute, designs for the illustration of our great poet, who, Germans say, belongs as much to Deutschland as England. The three scenes that Kaubach has already finished are—Macbeth with the weird sisters, Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene, and Macbeth arming for his final combat with Macduff. Report speaks highly of their beauty, but Cotta, the publisher, has put the price higher than suits the pockets of most purchasers there. Symptoms are beginning to appear of some relaxation in German taste for the previous gods of their scenic idolatry. Götz von Berlichien has just been produced on the Berlin stage, after much preparation, and with the best cast of character, and was very coolly received by a crowded house.

Helmine v. Chezy, an authoress of some repute in light German literature, and the writer of the *libretto* to Weber's *Euranythe*, died at Geneva, 30th January.

On Monday, Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt gives the first of a series of morning miscellaneous concerts, in the Hanover-square Rooms. On the evening of the 11th inst. she delighted a crowded audience with her singing, in the same place, some of her best pieces, including the scena and aria 'Non paventar,' from *Il Flauto Magico*, the soprano part in the trio for voice and two flutes from *l'Etoile du Nord*, Mendelssohn's song, 'The Stars and the Maiden,' and the 'Casta Diva,' from Norma. In these and other pieces she displayed wonderful art and power in music of the most diverse styles. The performance, by M. Goldschmidt, of Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, an Allegro by Sebastian Bach, and Chopin's Notturmo in B flat, sustained his high reputation as an accomplished pianist. Among the other performers at this concert were Signor Piatti and M. Sainton. The efficient band, directed by Mr. Benedict, played the Egmont overture, the march from Weber's *Oberon*, and other classical and favourite music.

Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* is now being repre-

sented in St. Petersburg. The *libretto* has undergone considerable changes:—the scene, instead of being in Russia, has been transferred to Sweden, and the principal personages, instead of being Peter the Great and Catherine, are changed into King Eric and his spouse, who, strange to say, was another Catherine in station and adventures. Madame Bosio and Calzolari sustained the chief parts. The success of the opera was brilliant in the extreme, though the orchestra and choruses were not perfect. In St. Petersburg also the Russian opera company, headed by Setoff, is continuing its representations, but for national operas it has substituted *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Lucia*.

Derivis, who, for twenty-five years, from 1803 to 1828, was the principal bass singer at the opera at Paris, died a few days back, at Livry, in France, aged 76.

The first violin ever used by Beethoven was sold at Ghent, a few days ago, in an auction, for 28*l.*

There have been some dramatic novelties this week. At the Olympic, the French piece, *Un Mari qui se dérange*, imported two years ago to the Haymarket, appears in another version, under the title of *Stay at Home*. The reclaiming of an erratic young husband to domestic comfort, through the strange events of an evening at Cremorne, is the subject of the plot. The family doctor and his wife, capably played by Mr. Emery and Mrs. Stirling, are effective auxiliaries in bringing about the desired result. The part of the neglected wife is admirably sustained by Miss Fanny Ternan, a young actress of rising reputation. In the musical performance introduced she also appears to advantage. At the Surrey Theatre, a strongly seasoned melodrama, *The Shadows of Crime*, is being performed, the chief parts being sustained by Mr. Creswick and Mr. Widdicombe. The scenery and appointments of the play are remarkably effective. At the Adelphi a new farce, *That Blessed Baby*, has been loudly applauded and highly praised, no good sign of the taste or judgment of either the audience or the professional critics. The manservant and cook (Mr. and Mrs. Kealey) of a single gentleman, married on the sly during his absence from home for a year, have got a child, and the whole plot of the piece consists of the artifices employed to conceal from their master the presence of the unwelcome stranger, which the mother obstinately keeps in the house. The dialogues and the scenes are amusing, but at the expense of decency and right feeling. The jesting about 'over-caulding' the child, or otherwise getting rid of it, is in the worst possible taste. At the very time when such atrocities of poisoning are before the public, the taking of life is treated as a joke; the stage, instead of being on the side of public morality, outrages it for the sake of raising a laugh and attracting an audience. The kind of audience may be known, when we add that the admirable representation of *Cobb*, in the *Boots of the Holly Tree Inn*, by Mr. Webster, was witnessed the same night with impatience, and the piece received with disfavour.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL.—Jan. 23rd.—W. J. Hamilton, Esq., President, in the chair. R. S. Roper, Esq., and the Rev. S. Lucas, were elected Fellows. The following communications were read:—1. 'On the Cryolite of Greenland,' by J. W. Tayler, Esq. At Evigtok, on the shore of the Fiord of Arskut, in South Greenland, is a mass of cryolite, 80 feet thick, 300 feet long, and dipping southward, at an angle of 45°, between two planes of the including gneiss, to an unknown depth. The upper or roof gneiss is separated from the cryolite by a thin layer of quartz-crystals, and a rich vein of argenteiferous galena, associated with some copper and iron-pyrites and sparry iron-ore. The same minerals, together with fine crystals of tantalite, are diffused on the upper part of the cryolite to the depth of a few feet. The mass of cryolite is quite pure until within 10 feet of the under or floor gneiss, when again similar minerals are disseminated in it. The cryolite is separated from the under gneiss by a vein of dark purple fluor spar. The central cryo-

lite mass, when exposed at the surface (to which the sea has access), is quite white; but when penetrated to a depth of 10 feet, although free from other minerals, it is of a darker colour, and at 15 feet depth becomes nearly black, and more translucent than the outer portion of the mass or bed. The author finds that the black-coloured cryolite, when heated to a dull redness, loses about one per cent. of moisture and acid, and becomes less translucent; and he considers that the cryolite was originally dark-coloured, and that the white and somewhat less compact and more opaque variety has resulted from the action of some external cause; possibly, he thinks, in this case the agency of overlying igneous rocks. Two vertical trap-dikes traverse the cliff near by, one on either side of the cryolite; and, although no such rocks now overlie the spot in question, the author thinks it quite probable that the known powerful effects of the atmospheric agencies in the Greenland climate may have removed all traces of the overlying eruptive rocks, to the former existence and influence of which he refers the change of condition seen in the superficial cryolite. 2. 'Description of remarkable Mineral Veins,' by Professor D. T. Ansted, F.R.S. The author commenced his memoir by a brief statement of the sense in which he used the term 'mineral vein,' together with some remarks on the nature of mineral veins, and the enumeration of various kinds of observations needed in preparing such a report on mineral veins as shall be useful for reference in subsequent investigations for scientific purposes. The great Cobro lode, which Professor Ansted selected for his first notice, as being a very exceptional and remarkable vein, has been known for twenty years as the richest copper lode worked for a continuance during that period. It is remarkable for its great magnitude and complication, its extraordinary richness, the high degree of mineralization of the surrounding 'country' (or enclosing rock), and the nature of the adjacent rock-masses. The lode is opened in a hill (about 600 feet above the sea), near the town of El Cobro, about eight miles west-north-west of Santiago de Cuba. The western or productive part of the Cobro lode includes three courses of ore, nearly parallel to each other in strike, but gradually approaching downwards. Two of them are unusually large and rich; the middle one is the smallest. The northernmost (on the foot-wall) is affected by small heaves, and all the 'orey ground' is terminated by a cross-course to the west. The intervals between the three courses of ore are occupied by a conglomerate or breccia of decomposing porphyry and greenstone, abounding with lime, and passing into a compact whitish-green porphyry. Associated with the courses of ore, the veinstone, and the 'country,' are large quantities of iron-pyrites; and at a certain considerable depth the veinstone contains gypsum. Regarding the three courses of ore as parts of one great lode, nearly 200 yards wide at its crop, the lode may be said to dip moderately, and the ore portions are chiefly near the hanging wall and the foot-wall, but also extend in bunches and strings into the intervening veinstone and into the enclosing rock, which is highly mineralized. The courses of ore are superficially indicated by a distinct gossan of spongy quartz and iron-oxide, with highly coloured clays, beneath which are oxides, carbonates, and sulphurets of copper, succeeded by sulphurets of copper and iron, the latter gradually preponderating downwards. The 'horses' or areas of unproductive ground within the lode and between the courses of ore, consist chiefly of porphyry, like the surrounding rock, and generally mineralized with iron and copper pyrites. The metalliferous deposit, in accordance with the form of the ground, terminates abruptly to the west, where the hill is precipitous, and dies away towards the east. The heaves and cross-courses do not carry ore. Professor Ansted offered some remarks also on the Santiago lodes,—on other gossany outcrops in the valley of the Cobro, north of the great lode,—and on others to the west; and he concluded with a few notes on the apparent relations of the basaltes, porphyries, and conglomerates of the district, as

seen in the river-banks and along the line of railway.

ASTRONOMICAL.—Jan. 11th.—Manuel J. Johnson, Esq., President, in the chair. The Rev. W. Russell Almond, Stapleford, near Derby, and the Rev. George Venables, St. Paul's, Chatham, were elected Fellows of the Society. It was announced that Volume XXIV. of the 'Memoirs' had been published, containing an Index to the last fourteen volumes. Vol. XV. of the 'Monthly Notices,' which contains shorter papers, abstracts of memoirs, and notices of various astronomical publications, is given to purchasers of the 4th volume. The two publications are supplementary to each other, and are to be considered as parts of the same series. They contain scarcely anything in common, and include a complete account of the proceedings of the Society during the year. The following are the contents of the Monthly Notices for January:—1. On the evening of the 12th of January, at 9^h 53^m, a new planet of the 9.10th magnitude was discovered at the Imperial Observatory, Paris, by M. Chacornac. 2. On the Rings of Saturn, by Professor Secchi, communicated by the Astronomer Royal. 3. On a new Variable Star, by Mr. Hind. 4. On the Occultations of the Star Antares (α Scorpii) in 1856, by the Astronomer Royal. 5. Observations of the Planet Saturn, and a remarkable configuration of stars, by Mr. Lassell. 6. On Occultations of Stars by Saturn, by M. Winnecke, from a Letter to the Astronomer Royal. 7. Places resulting from Observations of Small Planets at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in December, 1855. 8. Observations of the Solar Spots in 1855, by M. Schwabe. 9. Occultation of η Virginis, by Capt. Shadwell. 10. Observations of Venus near her Inferior Conjunction, by Lieut. Brodie. 11. Remarks on the Observation of Variable stars, by the President. 12. The Hypothesis of Otto Struve respecting the Gradual Increase of Saturn's Ring, discussed with reference to the Manuscripts of Huyghens, and the Accuracy of modern Observations, by Professor Kaiser.

LINNEAN.—Feb. 15th.—Professor Bell, President, in the chair. Henry Christy, Esq., and Alexander Goodman More, Esq., were elected Fellows. Among the donations to the Library, announced by the Secretary as having been received since the last meeting, was a copy of the 'Natural History of Dee Side and Braemar,' by the late Wm. Macgillivray, LL.D., edited by E. Lankester, M.D., F.R. and L.S., presented by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, Hon.M.L.S. Read—1. 'A Notice of the Habits of *Atypus Sulzeri*, Lat., a rare British Mining-Spider,' by Edward Newman, Esq., F.L.S. 2. 'A Note on a Fungus (*Polyporus fomentarius*, Fries.) found imbedded (among bog oak) in the Fens of Cambridgeshire, where it must have been buried for many centuries,' by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, F.L.S. 3. The commencement of a paper, entitled 'Notes on *Loganiaceae*,' by George Bentham, Esq., F.L.S.

ANTIQUARIES.—Feb. 7th.—Edward Hawkins, Esq., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Tyms exhibited tracings from wall paintings in the old church at Culford, Suffolk. Also, a processional buckler used on occasion of fêtes at Bury Saint Edmunds. Mr. Boyne presented a rubbing of a brass, bearing the figure of a priest, in the church at Wemley, Yorkshire. Mr. Morgan read a communication 'On Episcopal Rings and other Rings of Investiture.'

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Feb. 13th.—Apsley Pollitt, Esq., M.P., in the chair. The paper read was 'On the Manufacture of Crown and Sheet Glass,' by Mr. Henry Chance.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Statistical, 8 p.m.—(On the present state of the Mining Industries of the United Kingdom.—By Robert Hunt, Esq., F.R.S., Keeper of Mining Records at the Museum of Practical Geology.)
- Chemical, 8 p.m.
- Royal Academy, 8 p.m.—(Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A., on Sculpture.)
- Tuesday.**—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.
- Linnean, 8 p.m.
- Pathological, 8 p.m.
- Architectural Exhibition, 8 p.m.—(Report of the Council.)
- Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Professor Huxley on Physiology and Comparative Anatomy.)
- Wednesday.**—London Institution, 8 p.m.—(The Recent Search for the Franklin Expedition, with the Geographical Results, by C.R. Weld.)
- Geological, 8 p.m.—(1. Report of a Visit to the Dead Sea. By H. Poole, Esq., from the Foreign Office. 2. On the Affinities of the Large Extinct Bird (*Gastornis Parisiensis*), indicated by a fossil femur and tibia, discovered in the lowest Tertiary near Paris. By Prof. Owen, F.G.S. 3. On some Mammalian Fossils from the Red Crag of Suffolk. By Prof. Owen, F.G.S.)
- Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—(Mr. Alexander Whytock, Recent Improvements in Carpet Manufacture, their Use and Abuse, with a Word on Beauty and Deformity in Carpet Design.)
- Thursday.**—Royal, 8 p.m.
- Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
- Artists' and Amateurs', 8 p.m.—(Conversazione.)
- Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Professor Tyndall on Light.)
- Friday.**—Philological, 8 p.m.
- Royal Institution 8½ p.m.—(Prof. Faraday on Magnetic Actions and Affections.)
- Saturday.**—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Professor Odling on Organic Chemistry.)
- Botanical, 4 p.m.
- Medical, 8 p.m.

VARIETIES.

Art and Literature in France.—The 'Journal de la Librairie' has just published a statistical account of the literary and artistic productions of France during 44 years. From 1st November, 1811, to 31st December, 1855, inclusively—that is to say, in 44 years and 2 months, there were published in French books, Latin or Greek classics, and in foreign languages, 271,994 works on different subjects; 47,125 engravings, drawings, lithographic prints, &c.; and 17,449 musical works—making together a total of 336,868 publications. The year 1855 of itself produced 8235 works in French, classics, and foreign languages; 1105 musical works; and 2857 engravings, lithographic and photographic prints—making a total of 12,197 publications. The year 1855, as regards books, has been the most prolific of the whole 44 years.

Army and Navy Medals.—An estimate has been printed of the sum required to be voted in the year ending 31st March, 1857, to make good the deficiency of the vote of last session, for defraying the expenditure of the Mint for the various medal services in the year ending 31st March, 1856. The amount is 80,000*l*. The sum of 52,500*l*. was voted for this service last session, but it having been subsequently decided to present the Crimean medal to the troops of the allies, the provision made was inadequate, and the sum of 80,000*l*. is required to carry on the work at the Mint to the 31st March, 1856. The expense of army and navy medals will henceforward be provided for in the estimates for the two services.

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